

The Sketch

No. 683.—Vol. LIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

"THE NIGHTINGALE": THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MME. PATTI (BARONESS CEDERSTRÖM).

Mme. Patti, the famous prima donna, is of Italian extraction, and was born in Madrid on February 19, 1843. She made her professional début in New York in November 1859, and her first appearance in this country in 1861, when she played Amina, in "La Sonnambula," at Covent Garden. In May 1863 she married M. Louis Sébastien Henri de Roger de Cahuzac, Marquis de Caux, from whom she was afterwards divorced; in 1886 she married Signor Nicolini, the tenor, who died in 1898; and in 1899 she married Baron Cederström. She now resides chiefly at Craig-y-nos Castle, Wales, where our photograph was taken the other day.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



London.

THE Emancipated Girl, whose theories on the subject of Man I recorded for your benefit last week, friend the reader, and whose club, as seen from the pavement at midnight, I endeavoured to describe, is very cross with me. I have just been talking to her on the telephone—I should say, perhaps, that she has been talking to me—and it seems that I am nothing more, and certainly nothing less, than an impertinent liar. She didn't actually use the word liar—even Emancipation has its limits, I suppose—but I am sure she meant it. And then she went on to say that she was *not* Emancipated, and that, if she *was*, it was *not* her own fault. I dare say it would be more satisfactory, though, if I gave you the actual conversation. You will see that the lady at the Exchange, who sympathises, doubtless, with Emancipation, took a prominent share.

The bell has rung violently, and CHICOT is pressing the receiver firmly to his left ear, as per the printed card of directions. A loud buzzing noise goes on for some time, probably due to the fact that THE LADY AT THE EXCHANGE never expects people to answer the first signal, and is still ringing.

CHICOT (*peevishly*). All right. I'm here. Yes? Yes? What d'you want?

THE LADY AT THE EXCHANGE (*very brightly*). Is that ooooo?

CHICOT. Yes.

THE L. AT THE E. (*in a tone of intense satisfaction*). You're through.

THE EMANCIPATED GIRL (*haughtily*). Is that you?

CHICOT. Yes. Who's that?

THE E. G. It's me—I, I mean. Don't you know my voice?

CHICOT. I'm afraid I— (*Leaves the sentence unfinished in order to break the blow.*)

THE E. G. Well, you mentioned it in to-day's "Motley," anyhow. You said it was soothing.

CHICOT. I dare say it was.

THE E. G. You *are* rude. You mean that it isn't soothing now, I suppose?

CHICOT. It sounds more—stimulating.

THE E. G. That's because I'm simply boiling over with rage.

CHICOT. Why don't you hit him?

THE E. G. Very likely I shall when I meet you. Look here. What do you mean by writing all those things about me in to-day's *Sketch*? You know they're not a *bit* true. I *never* pretended to be emancipated at *all*. I simply pay for my own boots and bread-and-butter because there's nobody else to do it for me.

CHICOT. Who pays for the other things?

THE L. AT THE E. (*cutting in sternly*). Have you finished, please?

BOTH (*speaking together*). No, not yet. Don't cut us off.

[THE L. AT THE E., *who wants the line*, is heard to sigh.

THE E. G. I wish these people wouldn't interrupt. Don't you think it's great cheek?

CHICOT. Frightful. But you haven't answered my question yet.

THE E. G. I forget now what you asked me.

CHICOT. I asked you who paid for the other things.

THE E. G. What other things?

CHICOT. Well, all the other things that you wear besides boots.

THE E. G. I do, of course. I wish you wouldn't try to be smart. I say!

CHICOT. Well?

THE E. G. Was there *really* a policeman outside when I shut the door that night?

CHICOT. Of course. I thought that was why you shut it so hastily.

THE L. AT THE E. (*in a terrible tone*). Have you *finished*, please?

BOTH. No, no, no!

THE E. G. I didn't shut the door hastily, did I?

CHICOT. You know you did. They don't behave like that at men's clubs.

THE E. G. Well, next time—

[THE L. AT THE E. *suddenly puts an end to the conversation.*

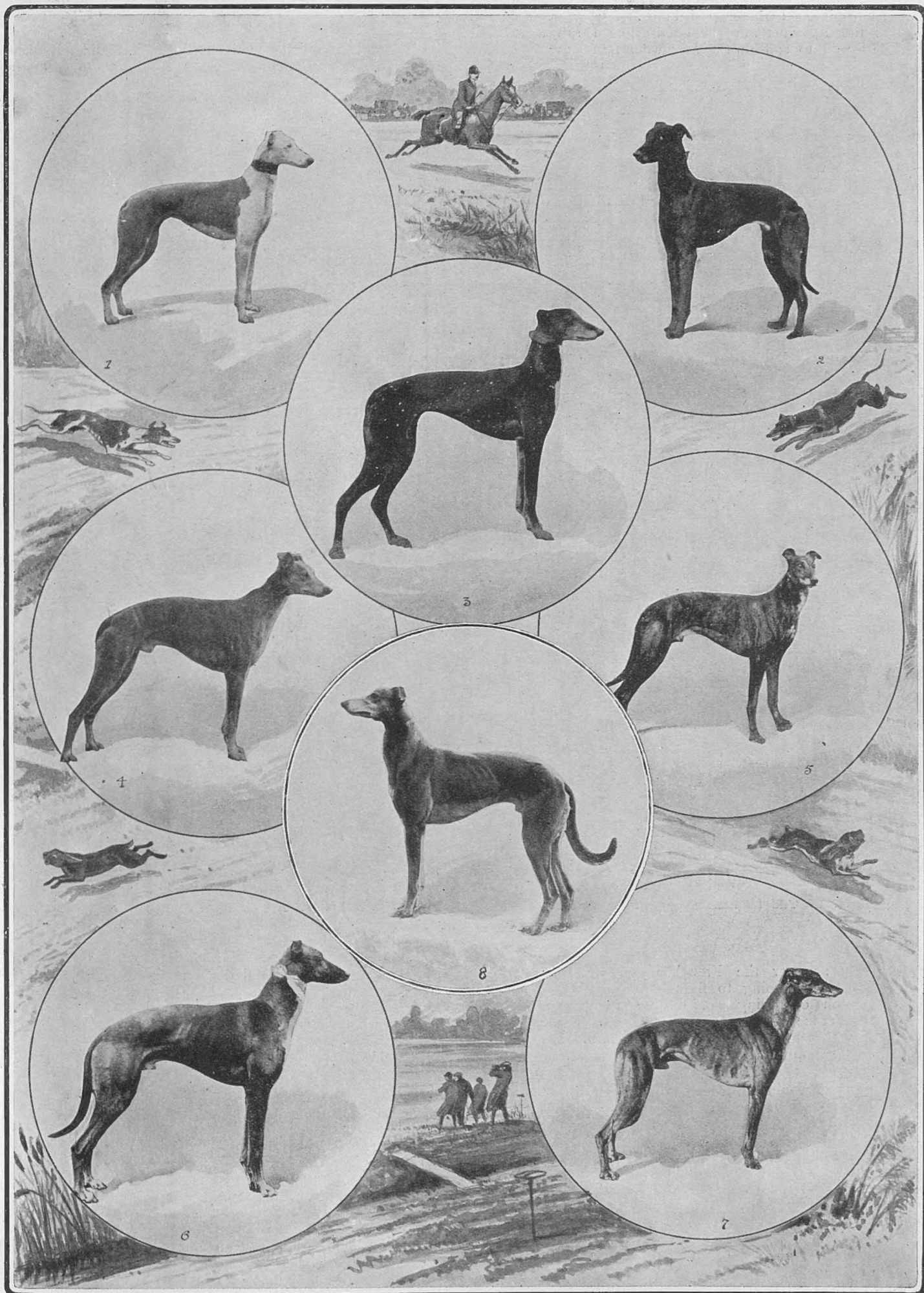
A kind correspondent, having read my pitiful plaint with regard to the never-ending licking of envelopes, sends me an envelope which has the gum on the body, and the edge of the flap clean. It is far easier, of course, to lick the flap than the other part of the envelope. I don't wish to pursue this somewhat unpleasant topic any further than is absolutely necessary for the welfare of mankind in general and myself in particular, but I should like to assure my correspondent that I experimented quite successfully with the specimen forwarded. Unfortunately, however, I fear they are not made in men's sizes.

I am often guilty of mistakes in these Notes, I expect, and last week I made a particularly stupid one. I said that, to the best of my belief, *Vanity Fair* had given up the "Hard Cases" that used to form such an interesting feature of that journal. On turning over my copy just to hand, though, I find that the "Hard Case" occupies the old position, and that the list of replies is even longer than of yore. Forgive me, dear *Vanity*. May your hard reading-cases never be empty!

What is your honest opinion, friend the reader, about Dr. Reich? Do you think he really spoke golden words of wisdom to those "women of title distinguished in literature, art, music, sociology, and other sciences" who assembled in such large numbers the other day to hang upon his lips? I grant you that he flattered them. He told them that Plato (it was all about Plato, your know—fearfully clever) breathed his proper air in Mayfair, but would be choked to death immediately if he happened to stray amongst the middle classes. (Applause, I imagine.) He told them that when a man has read Whitaker's Almanack he thinks he knows England. Did you ever hear of a man reading Whitaker's Almanack?—all of it, I mean, for that, of course, is what Dr. Reich meant. And, if a man wants to know England, what's the matter with a motor-car? "Who here can honestly say," asked the sage in a ringing voice, "that we have any real knowledge of the terrible thing we call ourselves?" There's a question for you. I suppose you knew, by the way, that you were a terrible thing. At least, you go to make up "ourselves," and "ourselves" is a terrible thing. Stay, though! Perhaps Dr. Reich would prefer to include in the "terrible thing" only "women of title distinguished in literature, art, music, sociology, and other sciences"? I pray pardon for my presumption.

The Doctor is clever, you know. Just note the way in which he concluded his address. Lest any of his hearers should be in a state of disagreement either with the lecturer or themselves, he introduced a subject upon which they were bound to be in harmony. What do you think it was? Poor Miss Marie Corelli! "What is the universal behind the success of Miss Marie Corelli?" asked the Doctor, and the newspaper report says that his eyes twinkled as he put the question. A scathing doctor, my masters, and a superior! Well, these women of title put their distinguished heads together (what a lot of brains all in a bunch!), and, with the help of the superior Doctor, they came to the conclusion that Miss Corelli owed her success to the fact that she appealed to the "great middle class." A marvellous discovery! And what class, may I ask these distinguished women of title, can any writer appeal to in this country who, though modest, wishes to keep things going? To the very poor? To the people of title? Heaven help the author who tries to depend on either class. It is the great middle class, dear Dr. Reich and Women of Title, that keeps going, not only Miss Corelli, but the whole multitude of writers, past, present and future. God bless 'em!

THE DOGS' DERBY: THE WINNER FOR THIS YEAR
AND THE WINNERS FOR THE PAST EIGHT YEARS.



1. 1898—WILD NIGHT. 2. 1899—BLACK FURY. 3. 1900 and 1901—FEARLESS FOOTSTEPS. 4. 1902—FARNDON FERRY. 5. 1903—FATHER FLINT.
6. 1904—HOMFRAY. 7. 1905—PISTOL II. 8. 1906—MR. H. HARDY'S HOPREND.

Hoprend, who won in excellent style from Dividend Deferred, is an English-bred greyhound; took the Members' Cup at Altcar last month; and, before the last-named event, was successful in two courses in the Netherby Cup and three in the Sussex Stakes at Plumpton. On the night of the draw Hoprend was backed to win the Cup outright at 1000 to 110; Dividend Deferred at 1000 to 30.

Photographs by Bowden Bros.

THE CLUBMAN.

*The News-board at Monte Carlo as a European-Opinion Barometer—
A Real Gambler—Some Monte Carlo Celebrities.*

THE expressions on the faces of the celebrities of all the nations as they read the telegrams posted on the great news-board in the Atrium of the Casino at Monte Carlo make up one of the finest European-opinion barometers I know. Last year, when the Japanese and the Russians were at hand-grips, I saw a Russian Grand Duke pretend to spit on the floor when he read an especially distasteful piece of news—I think it was of the threatened mutiny in the Tsar's fleet. This year there has been nothing to call forth so emphatic an expression of disapproval, but the French and the Spaniards have been watching the reports of the proceedings at Algeiras in anything but a tranquil state of mind.

It is a truism to say that one has to be in a country to know what the people of that country think, and whenever I am in France and amongst Frenchmen I am surprised to find that the line of thought they take is quite different from the line the Englishman credits

have seen a gambler who is all that any painter of the terrible could desire. I was standing by one of the *trente-et-quarante* tables looking at the row of respectable bald-headed old gentlemen opposite to me, and thinking that if they were photographed they would be taken for the board of some staid business concern, and not for men risking bank-notes, when I was pushed aside by a lady in black, who edged into the front row of those standing. Her grey hair was disarranged, her black bonnet with a crêpe veil was awry, her face was deadly pale. In her hands she had a sheaf of the cards on which players prick off the sequences of colours, and of "odd" and "even."

The table at which we were both standing did not please her, and she pushed out again and hurried across the room to another. Then I saw that in attendance was another little woman in black, looking dreadfully tired and anxious, and also wearing a black bonnet on one side. The pale-faced lady thrust her way through to the side of the table, and the weary little woman who followed collapsed on to the nearest chair.

A minute more and the pale, wild-eyed lady sped across the floor into the new rooms to the *trente-et-quarante* tables there, and the other little woman struggled up from the chair and followed her. I



THE QUESTION OF THE MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND'S GUARDIANSHIP OVER HER HUSBAND: THE MARQUESS DRIVING OUT WITH HIS WIFE ON SUNDAY LAST.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

them with. Last summer the French were sure that Germany and Great Britain were going to fight, when neither nation had the least intention of doing so, despite their growling; at Christmas time France was certain that Germany would attack her in the spring, but now the hand of the aneroid has suddenly swung round to "Set fair."

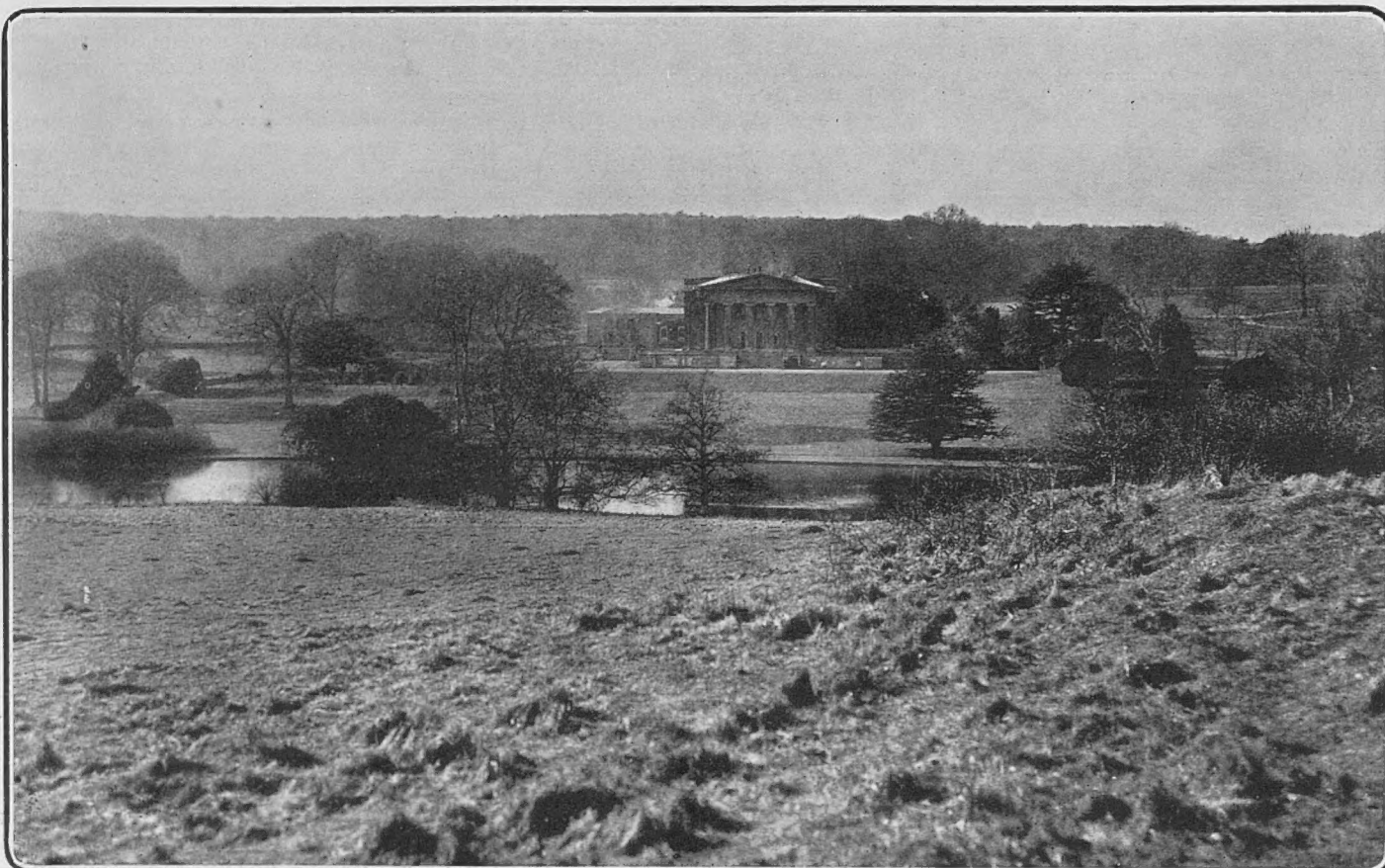
Frenchman after Frenchman, some of them men who matter, men in high positions, came up to the board and read that De Courcel had been received by the Emperor William, and had gone on to Berlin before returning to Paris. This pleased every one of them, and a Frenchman, even a diplomatist, shows his pleasure very visibly. I fancy many of them were thinking of that interview at Ems which preceded the Franco-German War, and drew good augury from the difference between the two meetings. "All is going to arrange itself" is what all the world of worldly Monte Carlo thinks, and though it is possible that by the time these lines are in print the hand may have swung back to "Stormy" again, I think it unlikely, for this little Principality is, in the matter of opinions on European subjects, what Manchester is to England on British ones.

I have always held that such a person as the wild-eyed, distraught gambler has no existence except in the imagination of artists and descriptive writers, but during my present visit to Monte Carlo I

did the same at a respectful distance, and then I found that the one real gambler, according to popular idea, whom I have ever seen was not gambling at all. What the history of the strange phenomenon may be, whether the poor lady has lost all her money and haunts the tables like a ghost, there was no one to tell me; but she was going from table to table in a desperate state of anxiety, and yet never staking on any of them.

There are more celebrities at Monte Carlo this year than usual, I think, for I have seen more of the stars of the musical and dramatic firmaments in the Atrium at one time than ever before. Coquelin aîné, Van Dyck, Melba, Lina Cavalieri, Georges Berr, the author of "The Lightning Conductor," all standing in a space that could be covered by a tablecloth, would have been a group that would have delighted a photographer had one been present with a camera. There are, of course, the usual human oddities—a cramped old gentleman bent double, who walks up and down the Atrium holding a little cane behind his back, and a little hunchback who marks down the sequences at the roulette-tables, and who has to jump up and down to see the numbers. I am told on all sides that never has Monte Carlo been so full, and that though the English elections delayed the season, it is likely to be a very brilliant one. Certainly the sun is doing its best to add to the brilliancy, for it shines steadily from dawn to sunset.

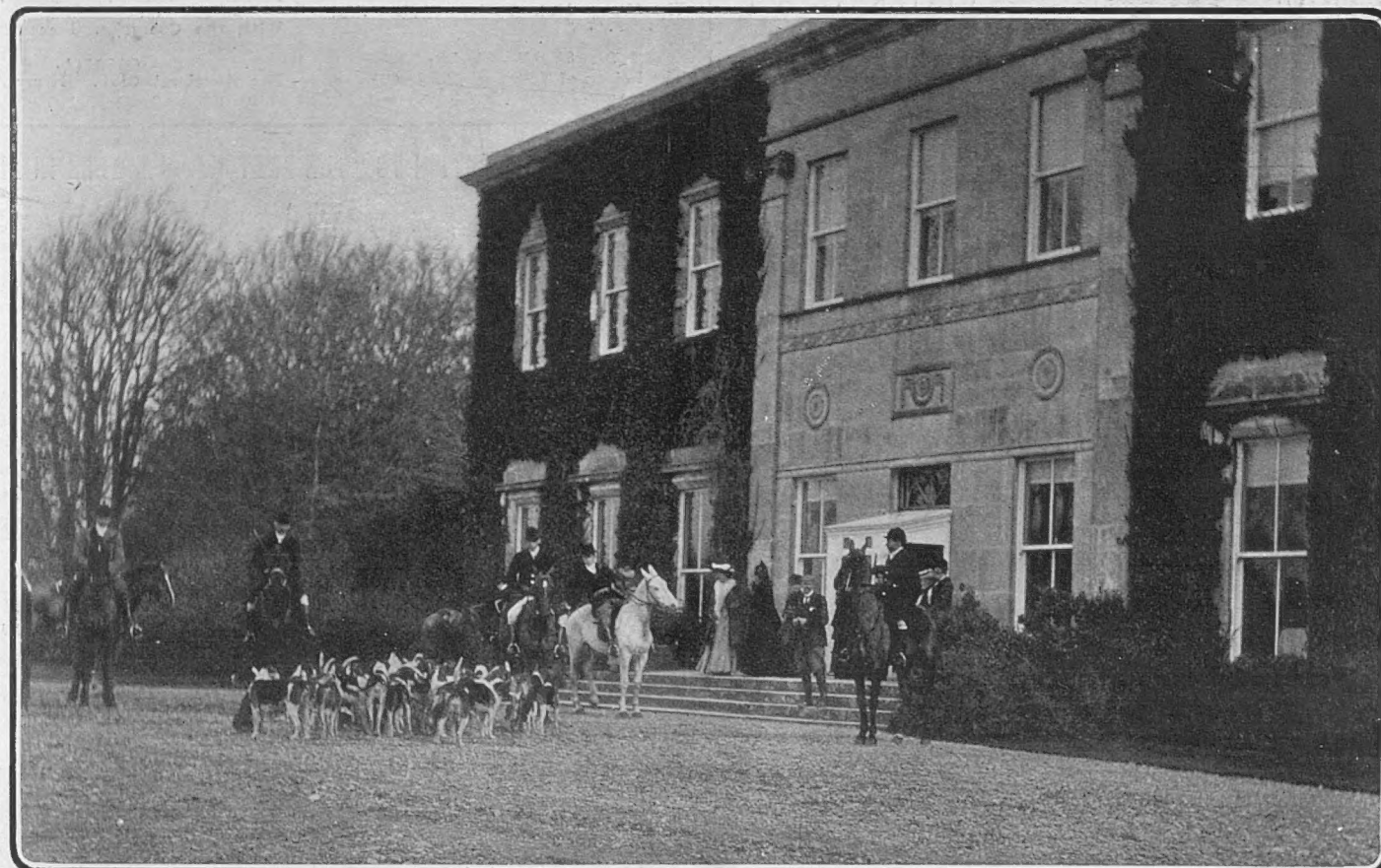
THE FUTURE HOMES OF THE NEW ACTRESS-PEERESSES.



THE GRANGE, ALRESFORD, HANTS, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY ASHBURTON.

Lord Ashburton, who has just married Miss Frances Donnelly, better known to the playgoing public as Miss Frances Belmont, is in his fortieth year. He is a magnificent shot, and the bags at The Grange have been extraordinarily heavy. In 1877 11,000 partridges were killed on his estate; in 1895-6 over 23,000 head of game; on one day in November 1897 730 brace of partridges. In company with Lord Walsingham, Lord Ashburton once killed 338 brace of grouse in a gale of wind.

Photograph by the Topical Agency.



DALGAN PARK, SHRULE, TUAM, IRELAND, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY DE CLIFFORD.

Lord de Clifford, who married Miss Eva Carrington the other day, has long been the youngest M.F.H. in the kingdom, owner of a pack of hounds in County Galway. He came of age last July.

Photograph by John McCormack.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is said to feel the fatigue of levée-holding less than did Queen Victoria. It is the eyesight which becomes exhausted by the constant succession of brilliant uniforms, the effect being somewhat similar to the "Academy headache" from which humbler people suffer. Her late Majesty used to hold on gallantly until she was

affected to the point of faintness, and then she would resign the duty to one of her daughters; but King Edward is, of course, stronger. His Majesty is wont to welcome any little incident which relieves the formality of the occasion. For instance, he could hardly conceal his laughter at one levée when a gallant officer, seized with a sort of "stage fright," enthusiastically wrung his Sovereign's hand instead of kissing it!

Petitions at Levées. It is not generally known that presentees at levées have the right of petition. This was most recently exercised during Queen Victoria's reign by a certain officer who alleged that on applying for promotion he had been asked for a bribe by an official at the Horse Guards. The old Duke of Cambridge was powerless to prevent the incident. It seems a splendid way of advertising a grievance, and it is astonishing that no one seems to have thought of it when either Mr. Brodrick or Mr. Arnold-Forster ruled in Pall Mall. At another levée it is still remembered at Court that a naval hero "stumped" into his Sovereign's presence on a plain, undisguised wooden leg.

A Soldier Prince. It was a pretty notion to fix the marriage of Prince Eitel Friedrich for yesterday, the silver anniversary of his parents' wedding. He is more popular with Germans than his elder brother, the Crown Prince. Lacking the dilettante tastes of the latter, he possesses the traditional martial fervour of his house, and, if his intimates have correctly summed him up, is less wilful and impetuous than his father. He is three-and-twenty come July, and a first-rate soldier. His father made a remarkable speech upon Prince Eitel's receiving his commission as an officer of the First Regiment of Guards, assuring him that throughout his military and political career he need hold himself responsible only to his Emperor and his God. The

bride is interesting to Britons, if only for the reason that she is a niece of the Duchess of Connaught. The Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg is the daughter of the reigning Duke of Oldenburg by his first marriage, with the Duchess of Connaught's sister. She is nearly four and a half years the senior of her husband.

The Hon. Mrs. David Mitford.

Mr. Gibson Bowles.

Of the many younger hostesses connected with politics few have a more agreeable personality than Mrs. David Mitford, the daughter of Mr. Balfour's mighty opponent, brilliant though he is, was feared as well as loved at St. Stephen's, but the high esteem in which he is held was shown on the occasion of his daughter's marriage to Lord Redesdale's second son. The wedding took place just two years ago, and was celebrated in that most political of London churches, St. Margaret's, Westminster. As Miss Gibson Bowles, Mrs. David Mitford often entertained her father's colleagues and supporters, and marriage has not dimmed her interest in politics, with which she is, in a sense, doubly connected.



THE DAUGHTER OF MR. BALFOUR'S CITY OPPONENT: THE HON. MRS. DAVID MITFORD.

Photograph by Beresford.

Paris and Auld Reekie.

The City Council of Edinburgh has promised itself an Easter visit to Paris. *La Ville Lumière* is excited at the prospect, for the rumour exists that the representatives of Auld Reekie are to appear in kilts. Imagine the sensation the brawny Scotsmen would create on the boulevards! Unhappily, the report is exaggerated. Sandy will not be in kilts, but will wear the breeks of the ordinary man. The entertainment of London County Councillors has cost our Parisian friends a good round sum of money, so that this new tax upon their hospitality comes a little too soon to be altogether advisable. Moderation is an excellent quality—even in the cordial *Entente*; wherefore one might counsel the Edinburgh Council to be a little less eager for the delights of "Gay Paree." If there is to be another pilgrimage across the Straits, let it be in the sense of one provincial municipality to another—as, for instance, Manchester to Lyons. The welcome guests should not be too hasty in realising their stock of hospitality

Red Ribbons.

The Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the L.C.C. have just been decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, which it is the ambition of every Frenchman to wear at his button-hole. But though the Legion of Honour is chiefly associated in our minds with a red ribbon, it is by no means the only Order which uses that colour, for there are no fewer than twenty-one Orders and Decorations which have a red ribbon without any admixture of another colour. Among them are the more famous Orders of



LABOUR IN "LIVERY": THE RT. HON. JOHN BURNS IN THE DRESS OF A CABINET MINISTER. The President of the Local Government Board is here shown leaving the Levée at Buckingham Palace last week.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

the Bath and of the Golden Fleece, St. Alexander Nevski of Russia, the Calatrava of Spain, the Order of Christ of the Pope and Portugal, the Charles XIII. of Sweden, and the Victoria Cross and the Order of the Indian Empire. But as the Legion of Honour is the one chiefly worn in the buttonhole, it is the Order best known in connection with the red ribbon.

Another Morganatic Marriage?

Prince Eugene of Sweden, who is said to be on the point of contracting a morganatic marriage with a beautiful singer, is the foremost of Royal artists. From early youth he has given up his life to art. He studied in Paris and worked really hard, exhibiting at the Salon under an assumed name, and even, it is said, adding considerably to the allowance made him by his father by the sale of his pictures. Prince Eugene is the favourite child of King Oscar and Queen Sophia; he has long been their only bachelor son, and when in Sweden he is quite content to be constantly with either his father or mother. It is significant that he alone upheld his brother, Prince Bernadotte, when the latter insisted on marrying Miss Ebba Monck. At the present time Prince Eugene and the Queen of Sweden are in the South of France, and it is said that when passing through Paris the Prince introduced his future wife to his mother.

Two North- Country Hostesses.

In Northumberland the name of Pawson is one to conjure with, the family being one of the oldest and most respected in that county. At the present time the owner of beautiful Shawdon, near Alnwick, is Mr. William Hargrave Pawson, who is still on the sunny side of thirty, and whose young wife is very pretty and accomplished. Mrs. William Hargrave

Pawson's sister, Mrs. Carnegie Pawson, may still be counted a bride, for her marriage to one of the brothers of the owner of Shawdon took place only last year. Another Mr. Pawson is married to the lady who, as Miss Milvain, was well known in Northumberland, where her father, Mr. Thomas Milvain, was long popular as speaker and athlete. All the Pawson brothers are fond of sport, and take an active interest in local affairs, while at Shawdon the head of the family keeps up the old traditions of hospitality.

A Recent Bridegroom.

Lord Onslow had no difficulty in solving the problem, "What shall we do with our boys?" He has but two, and

when the elder, Viscount Cranley, was fully fledged, he put him in the path which a diplomatist should tread. His choice for his son has been fully justified. Lord Cranley, who has just been married to Miss Bampfylde, is now third Secretary at St. Petersburg, and has every prospect of going far in his profession. Like his sister, Lady Gwendolen Guinness, he has the gift of tongues; hence he has been happy in diplomatic appointments at Madrid and Tangier prior to going to the Russian capital. A distinctly creditable thing was his devoting his not over-abundant leisure to the study of Arabic, for his proficiency in which he earns a special recognition. Furthermore, he has won his spurs in the field of Public Law, and, as he has seen something of Colonial administration, under his father during

the latter's Governorship of New Zealand, he may be said to rank among the best-equipped of the diplomatists of to-morrow.

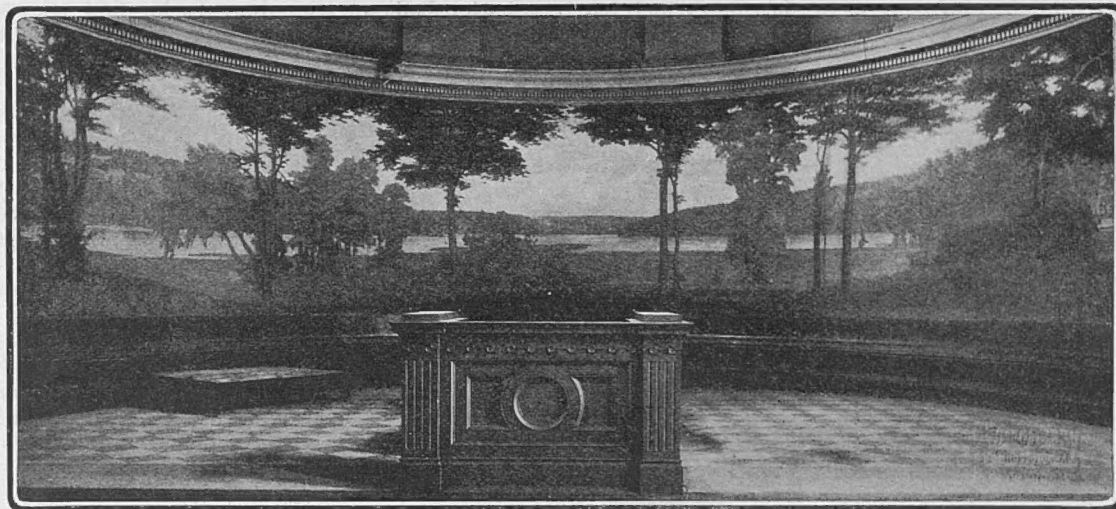
Literary Fugitives.

The book-binders are busy at this moment restoring to its condition of pristine beauty a work torn, we know not how, from the old Royal Library of France. Thanks to the diligent search of Mr. Yates Thompson,

the book and the pages missing from it have been brought together, and King Edward has signified his wish for the whole to be restored to the National Library. The British Museum owes the completion of its Russian library to as happy a chance. For years their collection had a gap; one book, not to be replaced, was missing. Quite by accident the late Sir Edward Hertslet dropped in and noticed the omission. "I've got that book," he said. He had, too; it had been sent from St. Petersburg to the Foreign Office a generation earlier, and had lain there, unnoted and unwanted. When placed on the shelves at the Museum library it made the section of Russian works there probably the finest in existence outside Russia.

"Decorated" Women.

Whilst certain of her English sisters shriek for votes, the Parisienne knows better. She grasps the substance and cares little for the shadow. Her progress along the lines of substantial privilege grows every day. Look, for instance, at the women who have won undoubted right to their title to "the Red." The latest "decorated" lady is Mlle. Madeleine Lemaire, the famous artist of a hundred salons. Her forte is flowers, and she paints the petals almost as Nature paints, so that you draw near to sniff their fragrance. The Government has made her Knight in the honoured Order of the Legion, and everyone cries



THE WORK OF A ROYAL ARTIST WHO, IT IS ALLEGED, IS TO CONTRACT A MORGANATIC MARRIAGE:
A PAINTING BY PRINCE EUGENE OF SWEDEN.



A NORTH-COUNTRY HOSTESS: MRS. CARNEGIE PAWSON.

Photograph by Thomson.



A NORTH-COUNTRY HOSTESS: MRS. WILLIAM HARGRAVE PAWSON.

Photograph by Thomson.

"Rightly done." It is a triumph for the sex, and a triumph also for feminine art, honoured likewise in the person of Mme. Julia Bartet, the delicious actress of the Comédie. Six months ago the Minister of Education and Fine Arts pinned the rosette of the Legion of Honour upon her corsage. Hurrah for *féminisme*.

Some March Marriages.

Lenten marriages are not as unusual as they once were, though many couples make a point of being married just before Shrove Tuesday. In this matter an example has been set to would-be Benedicks both in the Old and in the New Worlds, for Miss Alice Roosevelt chose the week before Lent; and the Imperial wedding at Berlin was actually celebrated yesterday—that is, on Shrove Tuesday. March, and so, of course, Lent, will see at least two very important matrimonial functions—that of Lord Ashburton's sister, Miss Lilian Baring, to Major Adam; and that of Lady Hermione Graham, the pretty younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, to Cameron of Lochiel. As regards the spring and summer, June will evidently be the favourite wedding month, for then will take place not only the marriage of the King of Spain and Princess Ena, but that of the Marquess of Graham and Lady Mary Hamilton.



PARIS.—MLLE. ROBINE, WHOSE TEMERITY AMUSED THE TSAR.

Mlle. Robine, runs a story current in Paris, was at St. Petersburg on the latest occasion of the annual ceremony of the blessing of the waters of the Neva, and took up a position in front of the soldiery, facing the Tsar. An aide-de-camp was sent to request her to retire, but she was unwilling to do so, and the officer returned to the Tsar to report, announcing that the lady was a Frenchwoman. In answer to this, the Tsar is said to have exclaimed laughingly, "Oh, if she is French you can do nothing with her."

THE MOST TALKED-OF WOMEN IN PARIS, RUSSIA, BLACKBURN, AND SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Three Empresses. Kaiser William, with his mailed fist, his telegrams, his speeches, his uniforms, his goings and comings magnificent and beyond number, quite satisfies all his subjects save that increasing community whose views Herr Bebel so powerfully expresses. The Empress appeals to

the imagination of her own sex; she is a woman's woman. At a certain bazaar there were gifts displayed upon a table set apart from the rest of the wares. There was a portrait of a handsome woman in evening dress, signed with the bold, elegant autograph, "Augusta, Imperatrix et Regina." Near by was a dainty little Italian landscape, signed by the artist, "Victoria," our own Princess Royal. The third gift comprised six simple little pairs of socks for babes. These were the gifts of the reigning Empress and of the Empresses to be. Their character expressed that of their several givers.

Money and the French Presidency.

French Presidents belong to a frugal race. M. Grévy had a somewhat exaggerated notion of economy, and his parsimonious spirit earned for him the title of "the Presidential Concierge." On the other hand, M. Loubet has been generous, but he showed a just appreciation of the value of francs and centimes in the regulation of the Palace expenditure. The various departmental heads had to balance to a halfpenny, or the ex-President knew the reason why. M. Fallières has the lavish instincts of the Southern Frenchman;



RUSSIA.—THE PEASANT GIRL WHO POSED AS THE VIRGIN MARY.

By the time these lines appear in print the peasant girl whose portrait we give will have been tried on a charge of imposition, fraud, and blasphemy. Thousands of ignorant people have worshipped her as the Virgin Mary for some time past.

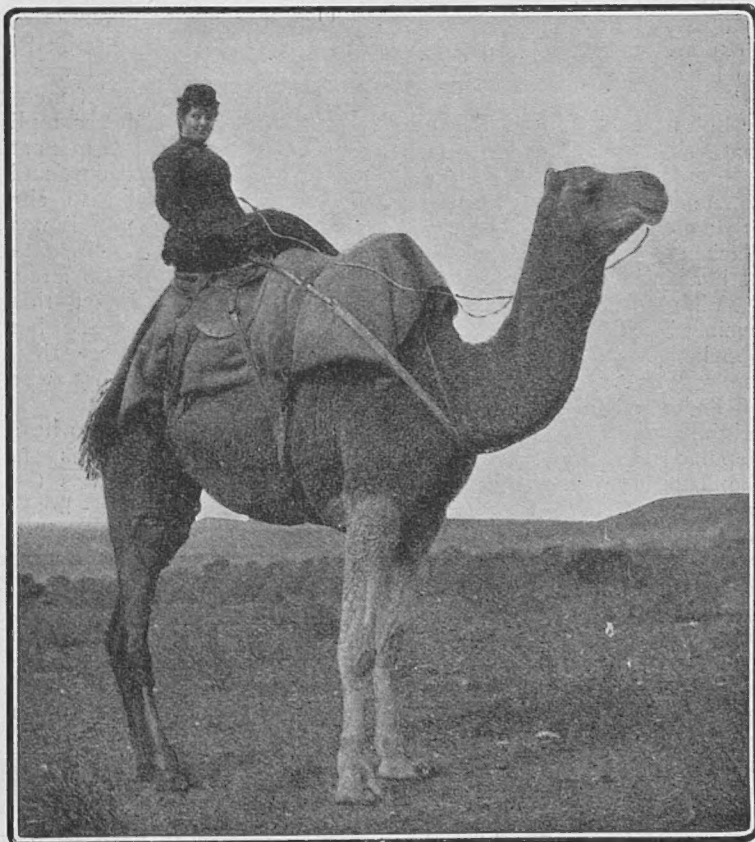
A Monarch's Helpmeet.

Five-and-twenty years ago yesterday, the German Emperor and Empress were married, and Berlin is still ringing to-day with congratulations over the Silver Wedding anniversary. The occasion has been one of unusual prominence for the Empress. She is not commonly regarded with any special veneration by the average German. To him she is the wife of his Emperor and the mother of that Emperor's family—that and nothing more, except when she gives expression to pious opinions not in accord with the spirit of the Berlin of to-day. Bismarck took her metaphorically to his heart, because he recognised in her one who, unlike her mother-in-law, would not assume a part in statecraft. But for this latter reason she is of no Imperial account in Germany. Never was Royal consort of less consequence in her own land than she. But as the passionately devoted wife and mother she has the love of all her husband's subjects.



BLACKBURN.—MRS. CLARKSON AS CLERK OF THE WORKS TO HER FATHER.

Mrs. Clarkson's father, the owner of a new theatre at Blackburn, engaged direct labour for the building of his playhouse, and employed his daughter as clerk of the works. Mrs. Clarkson exercised general superintendence over the workmen, and paid their wages.



SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—MRS. SWEET, WHO HAS JUST SET OUT ON A CAMEL TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

it is Madame who knows how to draw the purse-strings. There is the story that the contract price for moving the new President's furniture to the Elysée came to fifty francs (£2) a van-load. "Make it forty-five francs," Madame Fallières is said to have retorted to the contractor, "and my son shall pack his own books!" It would not be correct to assume, however, that there is money in the Presidency. The emoluments of office are £4000 a month (close upon £50,000 a year), but the other side of the shield is presented by a vast expenditure. The President has to pay the whole of his *personnel*, even his military establishment, for which, however, he receives some set-off from the War Department. Thus it happens that the seven years of plenty do not imply an increase in the Presidential bank-balance—a fact that does much to prevent the mere money-hunter from taking office.

FROM ACTRESS TO ARISTOCRAT:

THE STORY OF SOME STAGE BEAUTIES WHO HAVE MARRIED INTO THE PEERAGE.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 6 AND 7 OF SUPPLEMENT.)

WHEN the stage gives two actresses to the Peerage within a couple of days, the United States must look to its—strawberry leaves.

In addition to the two newly created actress-Peeresses, there are now four others—the Marchioness of Headfort, the Countess of Clancarty, the Countess of Orkney, and the Countess of Rosslyn, and it is a remarkable thing that, with the exception of the last-named, all have been actresses on the lighter stage, two of them, indeed, the Marchioness of Headfort and the Countess of Orkney, being associated with one theatre, the Gaiety.



THE 3rd BARON GARDNER;
Married Miss Julia Fortescue in 1848.

Their sons, Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus Fitz-George and Colonel Sir Augustus Fitz-George, it will be noticed, bear their mother's name.

Next in importance among the actresses whose portraits are reproduced is Harriet Mellon, who on the death of her husband, Mr. Thomas Coutts, in 1815, married the Duke of St. Albans. Mr. Coutts was the richest commoner in England, and although he left his wife his enormous fortune unconditionally, she behaved generously to her step-children, settling a large sum of money on them for life, and she adopted the lady who is now held in such high esteem as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and made her her heiress.

Miss Julia Fortescue (Lady Gardner) was in her day the leading lady of the old Olympic Theatre and afterwards the manageress of the Lyceum; while Miss Maria Foote (Countess of Harrington) was another well-known exponent of what in the old days used always to be and is still sometimes called the "legitimate" drama.

A comedian pure and simple was Mary Bolton, and there is a story that she first attracted the attention of Lord Thurlow when she was playing the part of a chambermaid with a blackened face—a proof at once of her fascination and her skill.

Who is there at all acquainted with the history of popular songs who does not know "Pretty Polly Perkins of Paddington Green"? The original of that exceedingly popular song was Miss Kitty Stephens, the daughter of a tradesman of Paddington Green, who married the fifth Earl of Essex in 1838.

From a theatrical family whose name still lingers on our stage came Miss Louisa Brunton, whose father, after being a grocer in Drury Lane, became an actor of sufficient eminence to appear as Hamlet at Covent Garden. Extremely handsome and striking in

appearance, with features expressive of archness and vivacity, she had a vogue in her day, but retired on her marriage. Lord Craven died in 1825, but his widow did not die until 1860, having completely outlived her reputation.

While the marriage of most of these actresses was at once proclaimed to the world, that of the Earl of Peterborough with Miss Anastasia Robinson was kept secret, so that there is even some doubt in the minds of the authorities as to the exact date on which it was solemnised. Happily, there is no doubt that the marriage did take place, or the Earl's reputation as the "ramblingest lying rogue on earth," to use Swift's words, would have been used by his and the lady's detractors at the time. The result of the world's not being taken into their confidence caused the Countess to have unwelcome attentions paid to her. One of her admirers was a tenor whom the Earl caned and then compelled to beg her pardon on his knees. This act caused the Earl of Chesterfield to call his cousin of Peterborough "an old Don Quixote." Naturally, the words led to a challenge, but, happily, the duel was prevented by the civil authorities.

While all the other actresses contented themselves with one Peer, Miss Fanny Braham, the daughter of the great singer John Braham, had two titled husbands, and, in addition, two



THE 12th EARL OF DERBY;
Married Miss Eliza Farren in 1797.

commoners. She was only eighteen when she married Mr. Waldegrave. He died the same year, and the following year she married the seventh Earl Waldegrave. Very soon after the ceremony he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for assault, and she went to live with him in the Queen's Bench Prison. In 1846 he died, and in 1847 she married Mr. George Granville Harcourt, the eldest son of the Archbishop of York. There was a great disparity between them, for he was sixty-two at the time, and she was only twenty-six. For fourteen years they lived together, and during that time she made her reputation as a great hostess; for, as Sir William Gregory said, "No great lady held her head higher or more rigorously ruled her Society." Mr. Harcourt died in 1861, and in 1863 she married Lord Carlington, with whose political career she identified herself, and her house at Strawberry Hill was, until her death in 1879, one of the chief meeting places of the Liberal Party.

"The lovely and accomplished Miss Farren" as Colman calls her, was the great exponent of fine ladies of her day, and so great an influence did she wield on the stage that it was said that after her retirement comedy degenerated into farce. It is an interesting fact that the Earl of Derby made her his wife in little more than six weeks after his first wife died.

Miss Lavinia Fenton, whose portrait by Hogarth is in the National Gallery, was the daughter of a coffee-house keeper in the Old Bailey. She was the Polly Peachum of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," the work which, it is said, "made Gay rich and Rich gay." When she was at the height of her popularity the Duke of Bolton went to hear her, fell in love with her, proposed, was accepted and married, all in the course of a very few days; and if the new Peeresses are as happy as Miss Fenton is said to have been, they will certainly have no cause to regret that they gave up wearing sham coronets on the stage for real ones in the House of Lords.



THE 3rd EARL OF PETERBOROUGH;
Married Miss Anastasia Robinson in 1724.



THE 4th EARL OF HARRINGTON;
Married Miss Maria Foote in 1831.



THE 9th DUKE OF ST. ALBANS;
Married Miss Harriet Mellon in 1827.

“ NERO ” PARODIED AT THE COLISEUM :
“ S'NERO; OR, A ROMAN BANK HOLIDAY.”



Brittani-cuo
(Mr. Charles Trevor).

Agrippina
(Mr. Keino Johnstone).

Miss Rose Bennett.
Miss Tilly Cunningham

S'Nero
(Mr. M. R. Morand)

Miss Dolly Corke.

S'NERO FIDDLES.

Miss Rose Bennett.

Miss Dolly Corke.



Brittani-cuo.

Agrippina.

S'Nero.

The Steeds (Messrs. Gardner, Lomas, and Zeitz).

S'NERO IN HIS VANGUARD CHARIOT.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

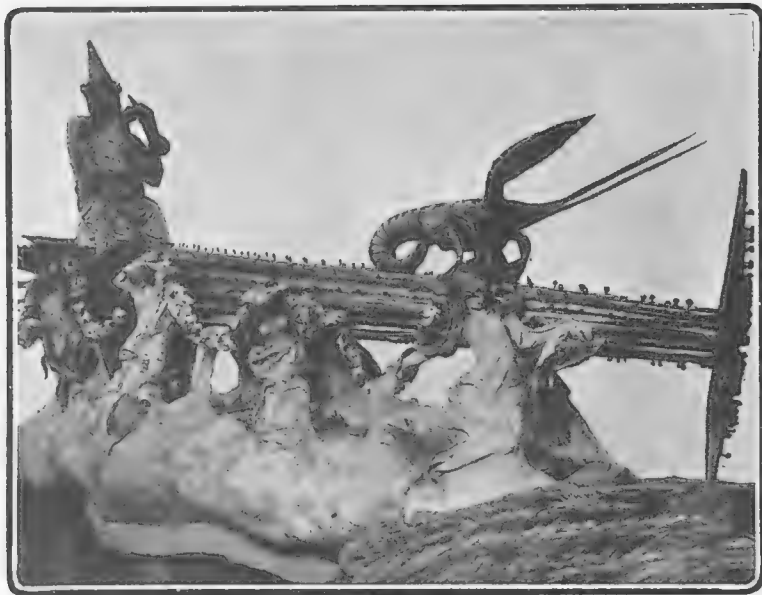


By E. A. B.

A Clergyman's "Bad" Language.

The lecture on Esperanto which was given at the Women's Institution on Monday makes it evident that the ladies are not to be denied the key by which speech is to be rendered easy between all peoples. There may, however, be times when it is desirable that the fair sex should remain ignorant of that which language conceals. Remembrance of this caused James Payn to play a wicked little trick upon the lady who sat next him at a dinner where an estimable old clergyman introduced Greek into his post-prandial utterances. She asked the novelist for

went merrily until a servant handing a dish of junket shot the whole down the coat of the host. "God——" he exclaimed, then, remembering that the Primate was present, added, amid roars of laughter, "bless the Queen." Soup is just as trying as junket when one's coat is made the receptacle, and when Marshal Mortier was doused with a liberal libation of turtle, there was nothing for it but to retire. It was a splendid coat he was wearing, resplendent with gold braid and a hundred medals and Orders. A waiter begged to be allowed to take the coat to be cleansed. The Marshal agreed; waited long in his shirt-sleeves in an anteroom, but never again saw the coat.



THE CARNIVAL AT NICE: THE MUSIC-CAR.
Photograph by Giletta.

a translation. He was not up to complying with the request, but managed to see light. He was afraid, he said, that the translation was hardly fit for a lady's ear. She blushed furiously. Did he mean to say——? Payn stopped her with an appeal to say no more. "I really could not tell you," he assured her, with more truth than she realised.

Dumb Oracles.

There occur in the experience of us all moments when Esperanto or some other means of communication would be welcome, but few are so unfortunate as to find two members of their own family unable to converse with one another. It happened, however, in the case of Mr. William Jones, the well-known Quaker, who so well administered war funds raised by his society. Meeting his brother, he was unable to communicate with him. The elder had come to England and forgotten his Welsh; the younger had remained at home and never learnt English. As ludicrous was the difficulty of Sir James Lacaita, the Neapolitan diplomatist, and Mr. Troup, the then American Minister at Naples. The first-named went one night to dine with the American. The latter could not speak any modern language but his own. They tried Latin, but the difference of pronunciation made oral communication impossible, and they had to write what they had to say upon slips of paper.

Life's Amenities.

The dinner to be given by the Speaker to members of the Opposition is, it goes without saying, a Parliamentary, not a political function. The Speaker knows neither politics nor prejudice. Not for him to discriminate as did a certain scholar who excluded from his table a man of eminence on the ground that the latter justified the execution of Socrates. No, the Speaker's dinner is one of those official functions which lubricate the wheels of public life, at which there will be no such mistake in the placing of guests as that which caused a touchy Ambassador in London to turn his plate upside down and walk out of the room. Dinners of this character have, of course, at times had their ill-considered effects. At one Brougham, enraged by something which one of his guests let fall, heaved his napkin with true aim at the head of the offender. At another, Judge Keogh found a coffin placed beneath his plate by the hands of Fenians.

Dinner Disasters.

In these happy symposia nothing, of course, should occur to mar the harmony; but human affairs can never be perfectly ordered. A little dinner, described by Sir Algernon West, at which Archbishop Tait was one of the guests,

A Human Chanticleer.

According to ancient precedent, this being Ash Wednesday, a Court official ought to be crowing himself hoarse at Buckingham Palace. Commencing on Ash Wednesday, this merry gentleman would proclaim the hour by cock-a-doodle-dooing at the top of his voice throughout the term of Lent. It was a very old and very English custom, and was suddenly struck dead. The House of Hanover was new to the British throne, and the future George II. had just sat down to supper, when of a sudden there was a most famous crowing. The Prince started furiously to his feet. Was this some insult, aimed at his house? It was in vain that the human chanticleer sought to make explanations and his peace. Those clarion notes were from that moment rendered mute, nor have they been revived within the Royal palaces of the land. People often ask whence the sardine comes and whither it goeth. They know to-day in Spain. They carry the sardine in its own little coffin to an elaborate grave and there inter it. So they symbolise the burial of all worldly pleasures and desires during the impending Lenten fast.

Dutch Auction Golf.

Will the Bar Golfing Society, whose annual meeting is to be held to-morrow, have anything to say on the proposal to annul the laws as to strong language? Dr. Macnamara is wishful for a change because he plays the game. Mr. Balfour "tut-tuts"; Mr. Asquith's biographer swears that his hero, upon missing a stroke, is guilty of nothing more violent than "Dash it all!" The malicious say that he would play better if the first word of his phrase were a little more explicit. Perhaps, however, that is suggested by the Duke of Devonshire's experience when, remarking that his dogs did not behave particularly well with him, he



KING CARNIVAL AT NICE: HIS MOST HILARIOUS MAJESTY'S CAR.
Photograph by Giletta.

was informed by a keeper that it was because he did not swear at them. There is consolation for the mild man, however. One of the best of creatures, determining to play a round by himself, withstood the offers of an autocratic caddy, who would carry his clubs, first for "twa shillen," then for half the sum. The gentle one held out, and the caddy watched his play with undisguised contempt. The player, who was doing very, very badly, presently made a stroke which missed the ball, and dug a hole big enough to bury club and man. Yet he swore not at all. "Here," said the caddy, "d'ye know what I'll tell ye? I'll carry them for naething—for the fun o't."

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A WALKING JEWELLER'S: A MUCH-DECORATED NAUTCH-GIRL.

The nautch-girl whose portrait we give is the finest dancer in Ceylon, and is the owner of some magnificent jewels. She boasts that she wears in her nose and ears more jewellery than any other woman in the world.



"DARES" OF FORTY YEARS AGO: THE COUNTESSSES SCHAFFGOTSEHE AND HANNA ERDÖDY.

In the late sixties nearly every London photographer showed in his window this photograph of the Countesses Schaffgotsche and Hanna Erdödy. Tastes have changed since then; still, the sisters were the Zena and Phyllis Dare of their time.



AN ACTRESS WHO IS TO ILLUSTRATE RUSSIAN OUTRAGES ON THE STAGE.

Mme. Makimoff, whose portrait we give, is one of the Jewish players for whom Mr. Andrew Carnegie and some wealthy New Yorkers are subscribing funds so that they may produce in America plays illustrating recent Russian outrages.



THE MOST GRUESOME FACTORY IN THE WORLD: CHINA'S EXECUTION-GROUND, CANTON.

Capital punishment is somewhat rare in China, and does not prevent the utilisation of the execution-ground for trade purposes. At Canton the place in which those condemned to death pay the last penalty is used as a manufactory for pottery. It is known as Ma-tow.



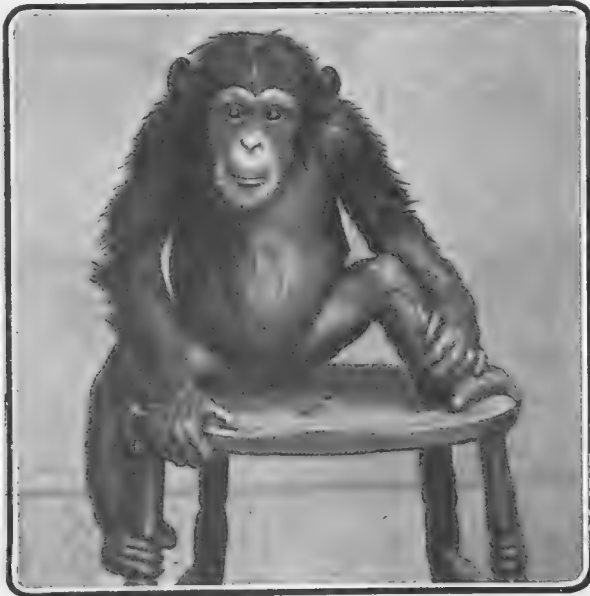
GENII WHO WERE ONCE BATS: WOODEN IMAGES IN THE WA LUM TEMPLE, CANTON.

There are 500 images in the temple. Legend has it that they were once bats, and that one day they were found crouching in the trunks of trees by a Chinese holy man, who converted them, transformed them into genii, and allotted to each one of them a place of worship in this temple.



MURDERED ON THE EVE OF HIS WEDDING: SIGNOR VICENZE RUIN.

Signor Ruin was on his way to be married at Sassari when a jealous woman stabbed him mortally. He was taken to hospital in a dying condition, but eagerly assented to his bride's desire that the marriage should be celebrated at once.



A MONKEY WHO ACTS AS CASHIER AND TESTER OF COIN: CHIMPANZEE SAM, OF WING HO AND CO., BANGKOK.

Sam has been trained to act as cashier in the Chinese drapery store of Messrs. Wing Ho and Co., at Bangkok, Siam. He has been taught, also, to test any doubtful coins handed to him by biting them, and he has never been known to accept bad money.



A GRAND DUKE WHO IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN INJURED BY VACCINATION.

The new Grand Duke of Luxemburg was re-vaccinated on learning that small-pox was rife in his capital. Shortly afterwards signs of paralysis appeared. Some are of opinion that the trouble was caused by the re-vaccination.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"—"LE DÉTOUR"—"THE ALABASTER STAIRCASE"—
"AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

MR. CYRIL MAUDE in reviving "She Stoops to Conquer" again is only proving that he carries with him the traditions of the Haymarket wherever he goes, and that when a live author fails him he can always call up the spirits of the dead. There may be regrets, as in this case at the Waldorf, that the *ipsissima verba* of the dead are not thought worthy of being treated with greater respect, and that the farcical foundation of what, after all, is a very human comedy should be seized upon as an excuse for treating the whole thing as the broadest farce. However, so long as he

himself can play a Hardcastle with such a delightful air of geniality and humour, his excursions into Goldsmith or Sheridan will always be happy interludes, calculated to console those who long for a repertory theatre. Extremely valuable, too, is the bright and merry acting of Miss Winifred Emery as Kate Hardcastle.

The interest to the London public in M. Bernstein's play "Le Détour" lay chiefly in the appearance of Madame Simone Le Bargy: her acting at the St. James's with Mr. Alexander, and also the reports in the Paris papers concerning her recent work, rendered her the object of lively curiosity. It

seemed demanded of the artificial character of the work; and when the curtain fell people looked at the programmes to see whether there was not another act. Perhaps at some stage of the play's history there was. Even those who sympathised with the utterances of the converted Conservative were unenthusiastic, for it is not agreeable to find a man expressing one's own opinions as the direct consequence of an injury to his brain! Is the play a subtle joke? Does it contain a suggestion that Mr. Balfour got a whack on the head before adopting the orchid? Is it an advocacy of a new method of political argument—hardly new, perhaps, since reasoning with a shillalah has long been popular in the Green Isle? It is regrettable that the political play has no firmer foundation, for many playgoers are longing to see a greater range of subjects on the stage, and it is not unlikely that "The Alabaster Staircase" will prove a deterrent to those who think of going off the beaten track. The radical fault lies in making an effort to combine two kinds of play—the pretty, sentimental comedy enlivened with ingenious artificial humour, by which Captain Marshall has won his successes, and the earnest problem play; the two refuse to mingle. In fact, the first act put the audience in the wrong mood for the remainder.

However "The Alabaster Staircase" is by no means uninteresting or unamusing. It contains some of its author's brightest work, and there was a good deal of hearty laughter at times, whilst the love-scenes quite touched the house. Moreover, the acting is excellent. Everyone is delighted to welcome Mr. John Hare, who represented Sir John admirably; but it was mere child's play to him, and we want to see him triumph, as he can, in a harder part. Miss Lottie Venne had a great success as the gourmet Duchess. Miss Sybil Carlisle acted charmingly in the part of Sir John's pretty daughter, and Mr. Leslie Faber represented her serious sweetheart in a pleasant, manly way. Mr. A. E. Matthews as a brainless Duke with a G. P. Huntley walk was amusing, and Miss Granville played excellently in the character of Sir John's bewildered wife.

"An American Citizen," which replaces "A Gilded Fool" at the Shaftesbury, is much the better play. Mrs. Ryley's work certainly belongs to the same style of artificial comedy as Mr. Carleton's, but the lady is the more skilful playwright. Playgoers may remember that the work had a good run in 1899, and recollect that on the first night Miss Gertrude Elliott made a big hit.

She and the lovely Maxine, unfortunately, are not in the cast now. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who presents Beatrice Carew, is rather hampered by lack of experience, but plays quite agreeably and may be regarded as a valuable recruit to the band of very promising young actresses. The chief element, however, of the affair is Mr. Nat Goodwin in the name-part, where he has somewhat fuller scope for his peculiar powers than in "A Gilded Fool." Perhaps his work does not give a very lifelike air to Mr. Beresford Cruger—it may be impossible to do so. Yet he amused the audience very much. He is one of the cleverest broad comedians sent over by the States. Mr. Neil O'Brien in the part of Simms caused a great deal of laughter by a quiet piece of genuine comic acting.



LADY DE CLIFFORD'S SISTER: MISS GLADYS CARRINGTON, SISTER OF THE ACTRESS WHO HAS MARRIED A PEER.

Miss Gladys Carrington is playing in "Bluebell," at the Aldwych.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

is not easy to form a confident, reasoned estimate of her quality. One soon notices signs of unusual intelligence in her acting and of a sincere intention to play the part without regard to the considerations of coquetry that sometimes mar the efforts of our actresses. Her face is remarkably expressive and her attitudes are good, yet, strange to say, her gestures bad; for instance, her arm movements rarely seem spontaneous. She exhibits the restlessness from which the best French actresses are free. In pursuit of naturalism she sometimes fails to consider the fact that an audience must hear and understand. Nevertheless, her sincerity and the power of her personality gave her something like a triumph. The play is of no great account. M. Bernstein is an adroit contriver of situations, able to write dialogue neatly and capable of giving a little freshness to well-worn types. He seeks to belong to the modern movement, yet in method he seems a trifle old-fashioned.

Sir John Abbottsford was not, I fancy, the only person who "came a cropper" on "The Alabaster Staircase." Indeed, one may guess that Captain Marshall slipped upon it ere writing his curious and unsatisfactory play, in some respects the most puzzling I have ever seen. When Sir John was brought in after his fall and it was found that there was no bump on his head, but that his Conservative opinions had changed to Socialistic views, we all expected a merry, rather farcical, piece, concluding with some accident through which the Prime Minister would return to his former theories. What a surprise, then, to find that the work became a serious political tract, with no further effort at gaiety than the humour of a greedy, middle-aged Duchess and a comic luncheon! Up to the end of the last scene, where Sir John announced his resignation at a Cabinet meeting, and lectured his colleagues upon the wickedness and absurdity of party government, the audience expected some sudden *coup de théâtre*, which



AN ENGLISH ACTOR AS AN AMERICAN INDIAN: MR. H. REEVES-SMITH AS LONAWANDA IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME, PRODUCED AT MILWAUKEE RECENTLY.

Photograph by Morrison.

THE STAIRCASE SCENE IN "SAPPHO,"

TO WHICH THE POLICE OF NEW HAVEN, U.S.A., OBJECT.

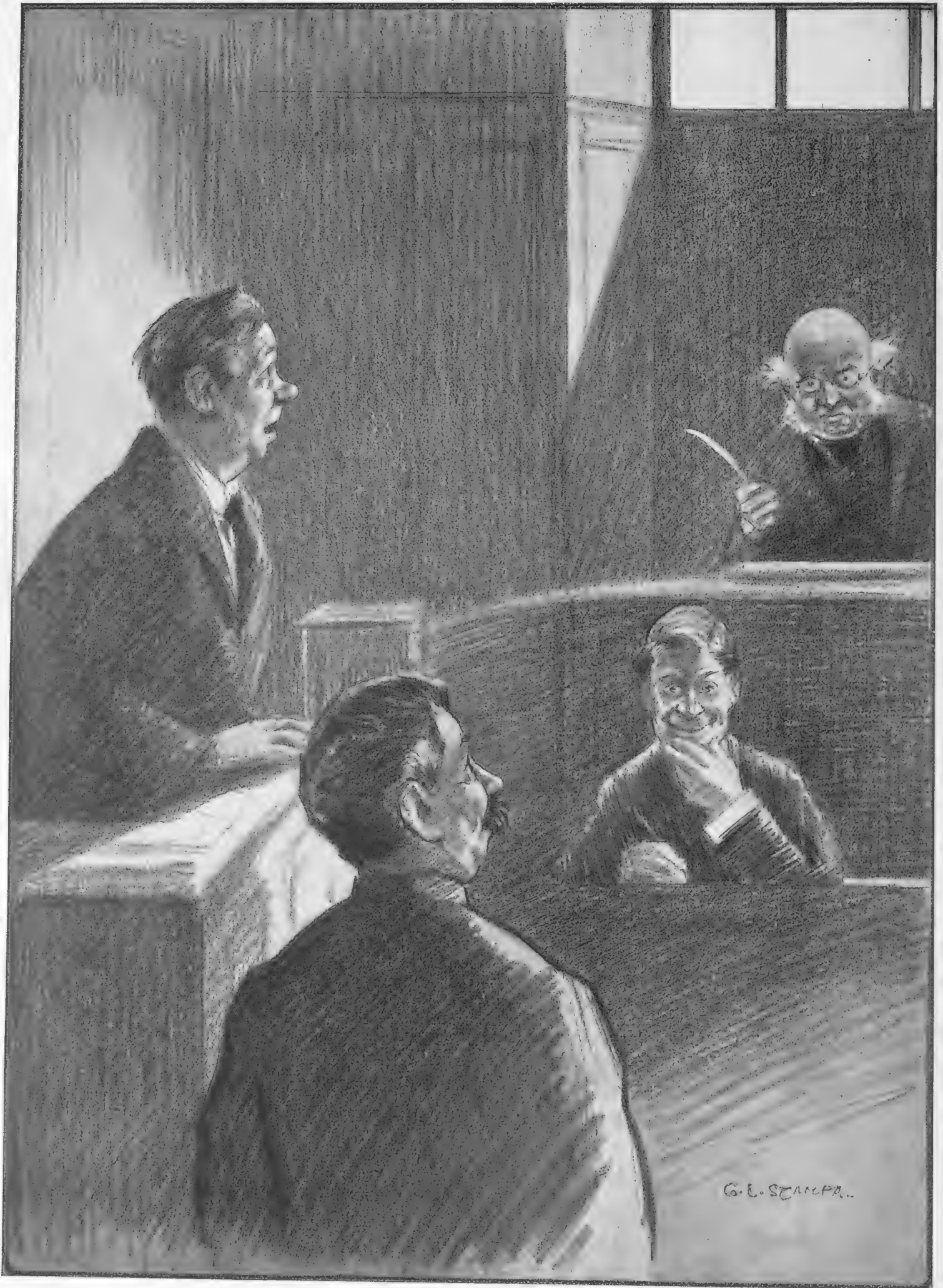


SAPPHO BEING TAKEN TO THE GARRET IN WHAT THE CHIEF OF THE NEW HAVEN POLICE IMPLIES IS AN IMMORAL, UNCHASTE, AND DISORDERLY MANNER.

The authorities of New Haven, U.S.A., object to the famous staircase scene in "Sappho," and the chief of police in that town stated that he would not permit the performance until he was satisfied that Sappho was to be taken to the attic in "a moral, chaste, and orderly manner." Our photograph shows Miss Olga Nethersole and Mr. Hamilton Revell. Possibly one of the methods of carrying shown in our border would better please New Haven.

Photograph by Byron.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.



MAGISTRATE: What's your name?

PRISONER (*named Simpson; and a stammerer*): Ss—ss—ss—ss—

MAGISTRATE: Constable, what's the prisoner charged with?

CONSTABLE: Sounds like ginger-beer, yer Worship.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



ELDERLY SPINSTER: You know, Doctor, I'm always thinking that a man is following me,

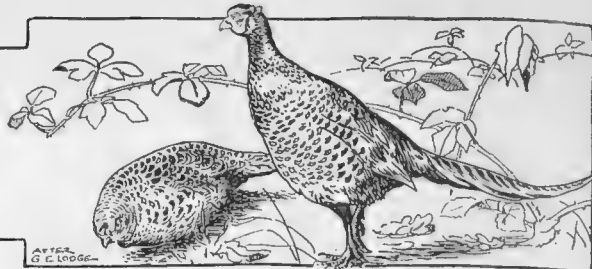
Do you think I suffer from hallucinations?

DOCTOR: Absolutely certain you do, Ma'am.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

A Plea for Pigeons.

A friend with whom I was talking about wild pigeons last week declared that I have done them a serious injustice. Speaking with all the authority of naturalist, sportsman and farmer, he refused to allow that the pigeons do any harm worth mentioning at this season, and declared that they do more to clean the ground than any farmer gives them credit for. He laid special stress upon their liking for the wild-mustard seeds, that would, but for their action, make every field look bilious in the summer-time, and quoted his own repeated experience as to this, together with several authorities. A couple of days later, in my own part of the country, I came upon an old farmer whom I know intimately. "Do ye come an' shoot some o' they gret old dows," he pleaded earnestly, "for I count they're fleckin' th' bean-fields wunnerful." I spoke to him about wild mustard ("charlock" in this part), and he would not hear of it. "Do ye shoot some o' they, and look for y'rself," he remarked. And at his request I went down to the edge of the wood, to wait for the wood-pigeons to come home to roost, and settle by fact rather than theory the vexed question of their food.



A WILL-O'-THE-WISP OF THE SEA:
A HETEROPODA FROM AVALON BAY,
CALIFORNIA.

"Interesting light-givers are the low Heteropods—the dazzling white, seemingly shapeless forms shown . . . They float slowly in the water . . . It is difficult to locate the seat of the light in them."

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

their faint call. One went across the meadow to some elms that fringe the roadside, another to the willows by the pond that the wild-duck visit now and again. After making one or two sharp turns, each came back to the woodside for a moment, and then one followed another on to the marshes, where doubtless they would feed for the greater part of the night. I should have been ashamed to raise my gun against these birds, for I knew that I was the unseen witness of their love-flight. Time was, I am told, when the woodcock was so common in these parts that the local sportsmen used to put nets up to catch them as they went "roding." The hideous cruelty of such a proceeding would never occur to men whose only wish was to secure the much-coveted bird for the table. By the time the birds had passed from sight I had forgotten all about the wild pigeons, and the farmer's rebuke was needed to remind me. It was not long in coming. "I count ye must ha' been some sleepy," he said severely, as I passed his door, "for I hain't never heerd th' gun speak not once."

Birds and their Enemies.

Pigeons, rooks, jackdaws, magpies and black-birds, what a number of enemies they have to face! Certain old sportsmen declare with some measure of conviction that we may leave their uses to old Mother Nature, in whose scheme of things there can be nothing superfluous. Against this one has to set the deliberate alteration of the natural balance of life by modern conditions of preserving. In old time, eagles, peregrines, harriers and others of the hawk family kept certain birds within bounds; nowadays there is hardly a golden eagle south of the Tweed, and the other birds I have named tend to become scarcer. Then again, farmers declare that many birds have changed their diet in the past few years, and that rooks, for example, now prefer corn to wire-worms; while if wild pigeons do comparatively little harm in winter—not all will admit this—they make up for it in the spring, when their ravages are well-nigh fatal to certain crops, owing to their habit of rising early and breakfasting well.

Hawk and Starlings.

I have come to the conclusion that birds differ in their habits of feeding according to the locality as well as the season of the year, and that the change of feeding habits is founded to no small extent upon their ever-increasing numbers. Few of us know how thoroughly flesh-eating birds keep others down. My earliest lesson in this matter came some years ago, when I was invalided at a little shooting-box in the heart of the country. The place was a small sixteenth-century moated farmhouse, with outbuildings tumbling to decay. Far from the high-road, screened by trees, and known to very few even in the neighbourhood, it was a rare place for the study of wild life. I remember sitting by my bed-room window one evening in late May listening to the birds, when a hawk swooped down upon a starling's nest in the barn on the far side of the moat. Quick as thought he dashed away, a young unfledged starling in his claws. Within the next ten minutes the bird returned three times to the thatch, each time carrying a victim away, and yet there seemed to be no deep concern among the careless owners of the ragged nests. Doubtless the robber had a family to feed, and he would thin the starling colony almost as severely as the barn-owls thinned the stacks. Stoats, weasels, magpies and jays were working in similar fashion after their kind, and yet there was fur and feather in plenty all over the land.

A Theory.

When you destroy the destroyers their erstwhile victims are fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it. The question of food becomes a very serious one; supplies of the regular provender are not enough to go round, and the bird must needs enlarge his diet-list. Perhaps when rooks first found that all the wire-worms had been taken out of the field they were so hungry that they felt obliged to try the odd-looking stuff that had attracted the worm in the first place. They found it was really excellent—hence the farmers' tears. This, of course, is just a suggestion.



AN ANIMAL BY WHOSE LIGHT THE
NEWSPAPER CAN BE READ:
THE "FIRE-BARREL," OR PYROSOMA.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says of the Pyrosoma:—"One of these beautiful animals was caught off Avalon Bay some time ago. It was first seen as a blaze of light as large as a bucket, ten or more feet below the surface, and supposed to be a large jelly-fish. . . . The finder called it a 'fire-barrel,' not an exaggeration, as when the strange object reached the surface it was seen to be barrel-shaped, about a foot in length, open at one end, and emitting a faint light; but the moment it was touched, as the finder placed his hands beneath it, it blazed out in a vivid glare of green silvery light."

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



Salpa.

Squilla.

LUMINOUS ANIMALS: THE SALPA AND THE SQUILLA.

"It is well known that some of the most remarkable light-givers are crabs," says the *Scientific American*; "and of all the crustaceans the one shown in the accompanying photograph is perhaps among the most interesting. . . . It happened that in looking at the tank one night the squilla was seen to be surrounded by a peculiar light, which examination showed came from the ventral fillets, or some part of them, sufficient to make the strange crustacean stand out in lines of gold. . . . In the waters twenty miles off San Pedro may be seen the salpa, a wonderful light-giver."

A PROMISING SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD.



MASTER EDWARD GARRATT IN "THE LITTLE STRANGER," AT THE CRITERION.

Master Garratt, who, it is said, is sixteen and weighs something under three stone, is the chief comedian in Mr. Michael Morton's "freak" farce. He plays Tom Pennyman, a diminutive being who is substituted for Baby, in order that Baby's mother, Mrs. Dick Allenby, may be frightened into wasting less time and nervous energy on the Society of Soul Hunters by the belief that her husband is dead and that his soul has passed into her child.

Photographs by Langfieri.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. JOHN MORLEY is specially interesting when he talks about books and libraries. In his own beautiful library at Wimbledon he has accumulated some eight thousand volumes, and it is not too much to say that each is tried and proved. It is no wonder that Mr. Morley is disappointed when he sees the collections of other people. He has been telling us that in his political perambulations, where he has been the guest of friends in the upper middle classes, he has been constantly appalled at the shocking trumpery he found on the shelves of his entertainers. "Much talk there is of Shakespeare and Milton; Bacon and Locke, and so forth; but how many copies of these authors, not to mention Burke and others whose names are constantly on our lips, are to be found in private houses? Not a quarter as many as might be expected. Of course, everybody who is able to possess anything beyond bread, cheese, clothing, and the wherewithal to keep a roof over their head ought to possess some three, four, or five books; it is surprising how very few the volumes are that contain the root of the matter in literature, the gems and the pearls and fine gold of literature." Mr. Morley is too lenient, and does not insist on everybody having a library. He thinks that a very few books will suffice, if rightly chosen, to impart the pleasures of literature; but I venture to think that among the well-to-do we must try to create a taste for libraries. Men and women in comfortable homes would be ashamed of rooms meagrely and tastelessly furnished. They should be taught to blush for a meagre and tasteless assortment of books. They should be taught that to be poor in this respect is to be poor in all that concerns the intellect, and to advertise that poverty. There can be no excuse now when a five-pound note will put anyone in possession of the chief treasures of literature, and that in a seemly and tasteful manner.

Ever since I can remember the American Ambassador has been a popular and admired figure in London. But none of the race, it is safe to say, was ever more popular than James Russell Lowell. He was socially a great success, though others have equalled his record in that way. But as a literary orator he stood alone for the form and substance of his speeches. Every speech he made was worthy to pass into the treasures of our literature. As a friend, to those who knew him he was close, cordial, communicative, and sympathetic to a degree. We knew him very well as an author, in particular as the author of the "Bigelow Papers," which had a great popularity, and enriched political speakers with apt and telling quotations almost as abundantly as the works of Dickens. It is therefore with much satisfaction that I welcome a study of Lowell written by Mr. Ferris Greenslet, and published by Messrs. Constable. It is in every way a satisfactory, penetrating, and even illuminating essay. Lowell is not easy to place in literature,

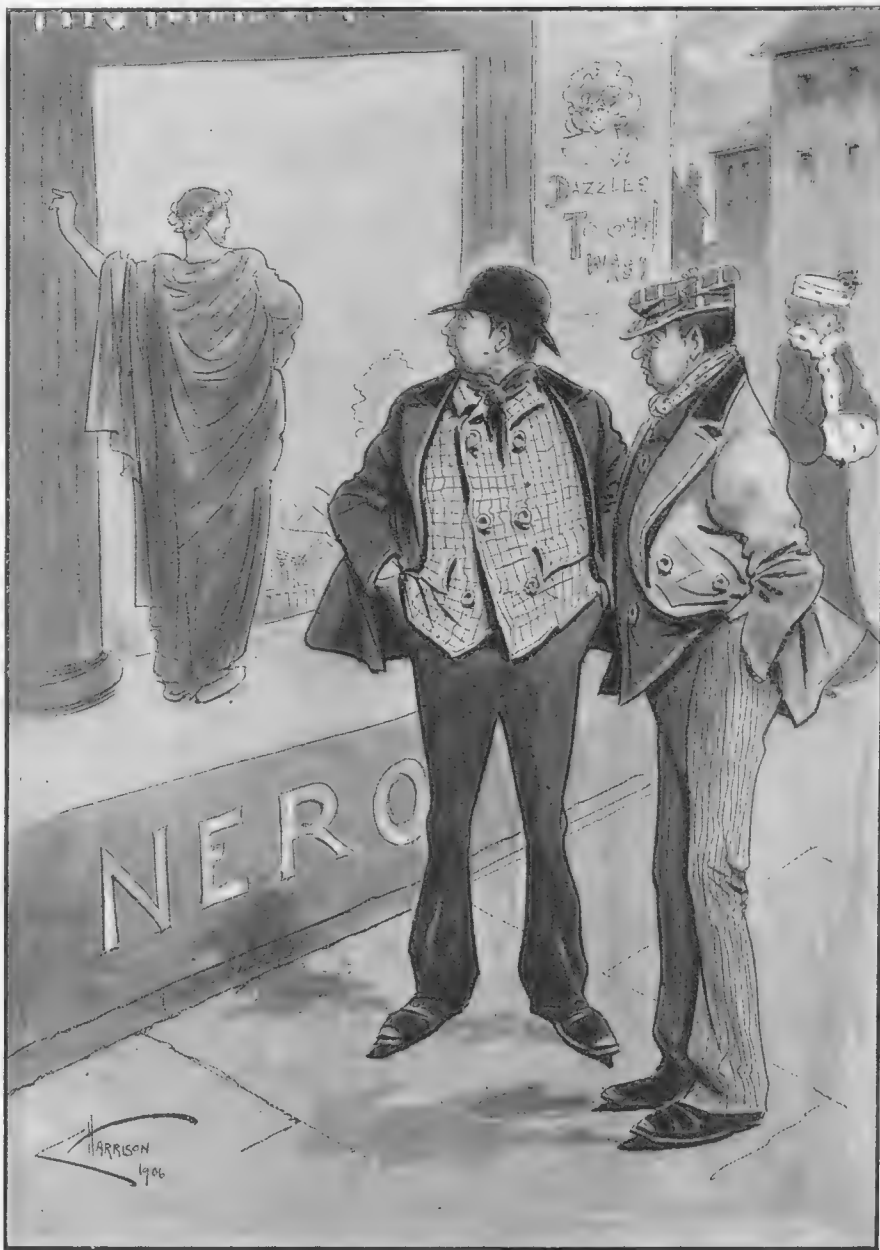
either as a poet or as a critic. As a political satirist he is easily the first for forty years at least. But there is some truth in the objection that much of his poetry is rhetoric; and though he was a ripe and good scholar, there are parts of his writings which affect one as a blot in a picture painted by an artist of genius and mental culture. We do not get much help from the strictly official though sincerely friendly records edited by Mr. Norton and Mr. Scudder. Mr. Greenslet is much franker, though he has a hearty admiration and affection for Lowell, and by his help we come nearer a solution of the difficulties.

Lowell, it is evident, was largely self-educated. When appointed in his youth to a Harvard professorship he was confessedly ill-equipped for his duties; but he worked on and on till he became a really accomplished scholar, particularly, perhaps, in Spanish. I do not find any allusion in Mr. Greenslet's book to FitzGerald's admiration for Lowell. In FitzGerald's opinion, Lowell was among the best of English critics. The chief tie that bound them was doubtless a passionate admiration for Calderon, but there were others. Still Lowell never quite threw off the defects of the self-educated man, and they have left marks here, and there on his work. Mr. Greenslet frankly confesses that the excessive severity with which Lowell criticised Mr. Carew Hazlitt is partly due to ill-humour on account of the attitude of the English towards the American Civil War. Lowell was the soul of honour, but he was human.

As to his poetry it is more difficult to speak. In writing odes for great occasions Lowell did as well as anybody, but as a rule his performances are not pre-eminently good. He had his own share of trial. There was madness in his family. He lost both his wives and several children; and in the wars some of the truest and most intimate of his circle were among the victims. Of those he writes with glow and sincerity, but the

cry of the heart is somehow absent. From Mr. Greenslet's picture it appears that Lowell's life was, on the whole, happy and prosperous, though his means were often straitened and he had more than his own share of bereavement. I do not agree with Mr. Greenslet when he places Lowell among the great letter-writers. The comparison with Cowper is not judicious. But Lowell was at least a journalist of genius and wrote always with nervous force and intensity. This book will be very welcome to a wide public on both sides of the sea.

Mrs. Katharine Tynan's "Innocencies," a book of verse, is published by Mr. A. H. Bullen and dedicated to Mr. George Wyndham. The place of the author among contemporary poets is well assured, and fully maintained by her verses on children. They are musical and tender throughout, and abound in passages of great beauty.



JOE: An' 'oo was this 'ere Nero, Bill?

BILL: Nero? 'Arf a mo'. Wasn't 'e that chap as was allus cold?

JOE: Garn, mate. Yo're thinkin' o' Zero—anuvver bloke altogether.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

(With apologies to the "Nero" Poster.)

ADVICE FOR USERS OF THE TWOPENNY-TUBE LIFT.



NERVOUS PASSENGER: And what should we do if the bottom of the lift fell out?
 STOLID LIFTMAN: Keep yer seats, please!

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BEHIND TIME.

BY THOMAS COBB,

AUTHOR OF "MRS. ERRICKER'S REPUTATION."



ALTHOUGH most persons number an unpunctual man amongst their friends, few can have known one quite so unpunctual as Oliver Furber.

If he promised to meet you at four o'clock, he usually turned up at five; if you invited him to dinner at eight, he generally arrived at half-past. "Some," as Fred Ponsonby remarked, "are born to lateness, some achieve lateness, and some have lateness thrust upon them," but as regarded Oliver, the three conditions prevailed together.

Sometimes he would venture on a mild apology—

"Sorry if I'm a few minutes behind!" he would say with one of his engaging smiles; but in other moods Oliver would show an inclination to contest the point, insisting that the clocks must be wrong—not his own clocks!

Most people have the defects of their qualities, and Oliver had many compensatory virtues: a way of taking things lightly, a wide toleration, an abounding good-nature; but still he never arrived in time.

By-and-by, he was overtaken by the ordinary lot of young mankind. He fell in love, fortune smiled upon him as he deserved, and we three of his cronies might have felt envious if it had been conceivable to harbour such a feeling concerning Oliver Furber. Edna Russell was just the pretty, frank, vivacious, good-humoured girl whom most men would like to marry, and the course of true love running smooth for once, the date of the wedding was fixed and Fred Ponsonby, Charley Travers, and myself were duly bidden.

The four of us lived in one house in pairs; Fred and Oliver on the first floor, Charley and I on the ground floor.

As a matter of course, Fred was to support Oliver on the occasion, and I offered to bet an even "fiver" that he would not succeed in bringing his man punctually to the scratch. The bet was taken and in due course the day arrived. As if Edna wished to postpone the ordeal until the latest possible moment, the ceremony was arranged to take place at twenty minutes to three at a fashionable church in Kensington.

In excellent time, Charley Travers and I left the house in a hansom, and on reaching the church we found a great many people already assembled. The body of the edifice was almost full and several guests were congregated near the altar. In the kind of lobby, between the outer and the inner doors, stood the six bridesmaids in two rows, each holding an enormous bouquet. The chief bridesmaid was Miriam, Edna's sister, and not one of the number lacked attractiveness.

Perceiving that we were not wanted at the moment, however, Charley led the way up the nave, and now I began to wonder whether I should win my bet. Half-past two had struck, and the minutes went quickly by; I looked at my watch—twenty-two minutes to three.

Now, Colonel Russell was one of the most prompt, punctual, and irascible of men; and although he was said to "mean well," his intentions were often hard to perceive. The sound of wheels could be heard outside in the road, and through the open west door I saw the Colonel, tall, erect, carefully dressed, with a rubicund face and a ferocious moustache, enter the lobby with Edna on his arm, and never can a bride have looked fairer.

But what of the groom! He ought to have been waiting to receive her at the altar rail. Urged by Edna's aunt, I walked down the nave again; a quarter to three had struck; the six bridesmaids looked anxious, and Miriam must have told Colonel Russell that Oliver had not yet put in an appearance. The Colonel was obviously doing his best to remember his surroundings, but one could see that he stood in urgent need of a safety-valve. Instead of leading the bride at once to the altar, to the accompaniment of the organ, he was

compelled to stand fuming, with six pairs of distressful, irritating eyes on his face.

Edna, as could be seen in spite of her veil, looked pallid and nervous, although she volunteered the assurance that Oliver was certain to arrive directly.

"Well, if he doesn't arrive soon," gasped Colonel Russell, "there'll be no wedding—that's all I can say!"

Disengaging his arm, watch in hand, he went to the outer door, looking this way and that. A number of carriages stood in the road, but still there was no sign of Oliver's.

"He's cutting it rather fine," I remarked, Colonel Russell working his lips and frowning with extraordinary expressiveness.

Five minutes to three!

The Colonel closed his watch with a snap. By the altar an expectant group waited with eyes on the west door. On the threshold of the vestry stood the Vicar, in readiness to walk to the altar the moment the principals arrived. Edna, surrounded by her consoling bridesmaids, strove valiantly to maintain a cheerful appearance; then the clock in the steeple overhead boomed forth the fateful hour—one—two—three!

"No wedding now!" cried Colonel Russell. "This is the end of it." As he spoke a carriage, drawn by a pair of hurrying horses, turned the corner about thirty yards away. Fred Ponsonby's face could be seen at one of the windows, his hand on the already unfastened door; before the horses were pulled up on their haunches he had alighted, followed by Oliver.

As Oliver entered the lobby Edna took a step towards him, her face creating the impression that she was doing her very best not to look reproachful. Four of the bridesmaids, Miriam amongst them, were openly weeping; Colonel Russell appeared to be on the verge of an apoplectic fit; Fred Ponsonby had already gone to confer with the Vicar, from whom he returned with the stale information that there could be no wedding that day.

"To-day!" cried the Colonel. "There will be no wedding at all!"

Turning his back on Oliver and on the innocent guests, Colonel Russell took Edna by the arm and led her trembling across the pavement to his carriage, pushed her in, took his place by her side, slammed the door, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Home!"

Whilst Oliver looked the picture of misery, the guests took counsel with Miriam and her aunt, the result being a dispersal their several ways: Miriam was driven home in a condition of collapse, Oliver, Fred, Charley, and myself being left alone outside the church. Now Ponsonby began to urge the desirability of hastening to offer some kind of apology to the outraged Colonel, and as Oliver insisted that we three should rally to his support, we were all driven away in the carriage which had brought the belated bridegroom to the church.

There was an awning over the steps of Colonel Russell's house, and a strip of carpet across the pavement, but the door was closed. When, in answer to our ring, it was opened we were greeted by the sound of alarming shrieks, interspersed with still more alarming laughter.

"Who is that?" exclaimed Oliver excitedly.

"Miss Miriam, Sir," answered the servant. "Hysterics, Sir!"

He took us to the large drawing-room on the first floor, where we found Colonel Russell in solemn and irate state. He was standing with his back to a long table arranged as a buffet, laden with various refreshments, amongst which the enormous wedding-cake stood prominently out. On other tables scores of presents had been displayed.

"Where's Edna?" cried Oliver, leading the way hastily into the room.

"Edna is upstairs, Sir, and thanks to you, more dead than alive."

"Upon my word," said Oliver, looking not a little sheepish, "I am most—most immensely sorry."

"Sorry!" shouted Colonel Russell, with profound contempt. "I have never heard of anything half so scandalous! Sorry! You must have done it purposely!"

[Continued overleaf.]

Sunday Clothes — By Districts.



IV. SHOREDITCH.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"I assure you," urged Oliver, "it was nothing but the most unfortunate accident."

"A series of unfortunate accidents," remarked Fred, coming to the rescue.

"The fact is," said Oliver, "I—I broke my bootlace." It would have been more decorous if Charley Travers had refrained from smiling.

"Confound your bootlace!" cried the Colonel.

"Furber did that," said Fred, with portentous gravity.

"I didn't know how fast the time was slipping away," continued Oliver; "and then my necktie——"

"I—I—I don't wish to hear a word about your infernal necktie," shouted Colonel Russell, turning his back and walking abruptly to one of the three windows. Then Fred whispered a few sentences to Oliver, who quietly quitted the room, doubtless in search of Edna, whilst I gazed out at one window and Charley stood before the third—a short, plump, jovial-looking man, about twenty-six years of age, with a faculty for making untimely remarks.

The oppressive silence was broken only by sounds which suggested that Colonel Russell was trying to swear to himself and only partially succeeding; the sun shone brightly on the house, and suddenly Charley began inappropriately to rub his hands.

"Happy," he exclaimed, "is the bride that the sun shines on!" and this, as far as the Colonel was concerned, proved the last straw. Becoming now uncontrollably infuriated, he began to rave about the room with exclamations which were calculated to make one's hair stand on end, and in the midst of his vituperations the door opened (to our immense relief), and Oliver entered with Edna's hand on his arm.

She still wore her white dress, without the veil, and although her eyes looked red, sunshine had come again after the rain. Her fingers tightened on Oliver's arm as she led him towards the Colonel, who had now become silent.

"It—it will be all right," she said, as if with a plucky determination to make the best of things. "Quite all right! We have settled everything. Mr. Ponsonby is to be kind enough to go to the Vicar and arrange for the wedding at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Afterwards we can go away by an early train."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the Colonel, "how about your friends!"

"You see," she returned, "so that Oliver and I—and you, of course—are there, it doesn't much matter about anyone else."

Probably the early hour had been named in order to afford Oliver ample scope at this second attempt. To my surprise, Colonel Russell offered no objection; in his daughter's hands he became quite lamblike. Fred set forth to the vicarage without loss of time, and in less than half an hour Charley and I left the house, Oliver remaining behind, although he turned up at our rooms shortly after seven, announcing an intention to spend a solitary evening and to go to bed early.

He had a great deal of chaff to endure, and by common consent we declined to leave him to his own devices. Having the five pounds which I had won from Fred to expend, I invited the three to dine, and Oliver was at last, much against his will, dragged off to the Trocadero.

It is to be feared we were a noisy party; many healths were drunk, and, on leaving the restaurant, Charley remarked that one of the neighbouring theatres was playing a "triple bill." Thither we turned our steps, and on reaching the open air again Fred insisted that we should go to the Savoy for supper; in the end it was one o'clock before we reached home, and naturally on such a unique occasion we could not think of separating without a "nightcap." Going to the sitting-room which Oliver shared with Ponsonby on the first floor, cigars were lighted, bets were offered that Oliver would be late again for his wedding, and then Charley made one of his brilliant suggestions.

"I vote," he said, "that we sit up with the fellow and don't leave him until he's been securely spliced."

"Anyhow," Oliver confessed, "I don't feel much like sleeping."

The proposal was carried by acclamation; glasses were refilled, a table was cleared, cards were brought, and at two o'clock we began to play at bridge. It must have been close upon four when we

settled up, and everybody looked more or less sleepy; still, we persisted in our intention to sit up with Oliver, who certainly looked the most wide-awake of the four.

Fred Ponsonby threw himself at full length on one sofa; Charley took the other without ceremony, whilst I leaned back in an arm-chair with my feet on the fender. Gradually the conversation began to slacken.

"Old Fred's off," whispered Charley, and that was the last I heard of him. Oliver, seated in a straight-backed chair, continually dropped his chin on his chest and raised it again with a ludicrous jerk. I fancy that the monotonous motion must have had an hypnotic effect, and in any case, I fell asleep.

Awaking with a start, I beheld Fred sleeping—with his mouth open—on one sofa, Charley on the other; the cards lay scattered over the table; the gas was still alight, although the sun shone into the room between the laths of the Venetian blinds.

Looking at my watch, I found it had run down, but the clock on the mantelpiece told me it was half-past eight.

"Where's Furber?" exclaimed Fred, the instant I had shaken him into consciousness.

"Gone to have a tub most likely," I returned with a yawn, and, rising impetuously, Ponsonby went in search of him, to return ten minutes later with an expression of consternation on his face. Finding Oliver's bed-room empty, Fred had made inquiries of the people of the house; Furber had gone out about a quarter of an hour ago without leaving a message or giving any orders for breakfast. If his sensations in any degree resembled my own, the meal might well be postponed.

What had become of the man? There remained only an hour and a quarter before his wedding; and for our own part, there was little spare time. Hastily making our preparations, we met again in my room at a quarter past nine, and still there was no sign of Oliver.

"Perhaps," suggested Charley, "he went direct to the church!"

"That would involve his arriving before his time," I returned.

"An utterly inconceivable proposition," said Fred.

"He may have gone to the Russells' to breakfast!" remarked Charley.

"The Colonel would counteract Edna's attraction," Fred insisted.

"Then where on earth has he gone?" cried Charley.

"Anyhow," I said, "if we don't make a start, we shall arrive a day after the fair."

Still, Fred scarcely cared to desert his principal, who, with his habitual inability to judge the flight of time, might arrive at the latest moment; so that presently it was determined that Ponsonby should stay behind, whilst Charley and I took a cab to the church.

But luck was against us that morning. At first we could not see a hansom; then our horse fell down, and after losing a great deal of time we were compelled to take another. It was nearly twenty minutes past ten when we alighted at the west door with the most alarming apprehensions. If Oliver had failed on this second occasion, it appeared quite likely that he might not be allowed a third opportunity!

In another minute, however, all our fears were dissipated. The organ was playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as we entered the inner door, and on the point of leaving the vestry we saw Oliver, radiant, with his wife on his arm.

He had, it appeared, awakened at eight o'clock, and without disturbing the others, gone quietly to his bed-room, tubbed, changed his clothes, and disgusted at the notion of breakfasting in his own sitting-room, which could scarcely have looked very inviting, hit upon the idea of going forth in search of a meal. It took some time to find a suitable place; then he was kept waiting a little, and being afraid of a mischance, determined to be punctual for once in his life, he took a hansom direct to the church. When it was suggested that he might at least have sent us a telegram, Oliver admitted that he had scarcely been conscious of the existence of ourselves or anyone besides Edna.

This explanation, however, was not forthcoming until Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Furber returned from their honeymoon, and at present he was approaching the west door of the church, where Charley and I waited somewhat shamefacedly.

"Well, you are a nice pair!" he exclaimed. "Why ever didn't you turn up to time!"





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE wave of depression in the theatrical world, about which the daily papers have been so eloquent during the last fortnight, has overwhelmed certain plays, and at the end of last week the announcement of the immediate withdrawal of "The Heroic Stubbs," "The Blue Moon" and "The Harlequin King" was made and the last weeks of "Blue Bell" were announced. How the business of plays wobbles, and how quickly decisions may be altered was demonstrated by the career of Mr. Jones's play. "The Shop Girl Matinée" seemed to act as a hypodermic injection of a stimulant acts on an ill man, and hopes were entertained that "the comedy of the man with an ideal" would run. To be on the safe side, the preparations for the production of Mr. Brandon Thomas's new play, "A Judge's Memory," were continued, though two days before the definite announcement that Mr. Stubbs would cease trying on boots was made the representative of *The Sketch* was officially told that, while the preparations were made for any emergency, the belief was that the play would run for some time! In Mr. Brandon Thomas's play Mr. Welch will have the assistance of Mr. Thalberg Corbett, Mr. Sam Sothern, and Mr. James Fernandez, who will thus make another of his too infrequent appearances on the stage of the West End; Miss Wallis, Miss Beatrice Terry, Miss Margaret Bussé, Miss Ethel Hollingshead, and Mrs. E. H. Brooke.

In view of the fact that "Sherlock Holmes" achieved a great success on the stage, it was, perhaps, inevitable that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle should consider the possibility of placing his other familiar creation, "Brigadier Gerard," in a dramatic setting. The play, which bears the hero's name, will accordingly be produced at the Imperial Theatre on Saturday evening by Mr. Lewis Waller, who will, of course, appear as the Brigadier. While the most celebrated of the Brigadier Gerard stories were told by that worthy when he was an old man, the play deals with him in his youth, so that Mr. Waller should have a part after his heart, since the Brigadier in the days when he was a Captain was, like the young Lochinvar, a hero both in love and war. The heroine, the Comtesse de Roquelaure, will be played by Miss Evelyn Millard, while the only other female character, Agnes—just Agnes—will be taken by Miss Helen Leyton. Napoleon will be a prominent character in the play, and will be acted by Mr. A. E. George, whose name is thus added to the long list of contemporary actors who have played the part of the Little Corporal; while Talleyrand, with his epigrams, will be impersonated by Mr. Edward O'Neill. It will be noted that there is no part for Mr. Norman McKinnel, who has for some time been playing so effectively with Mr. Waller, but he is so good an actor that there is little doubt that he will be secured before long for some other house.

Apropos of the production of "The Beauty of Bath," which will succeed "Bluebell" at the Aldwych, it is interesting to note that one of the characters will be played by Mr. William Lugg,



MISS VESTA TILLEY HAS A STAGE SPILL: THE POPULAR COMEDienne IN "OUT ON FURLOUGH," AT THE EMPIRE, NOTTINGHAM.

who was for many years an important member of the late Sir Henry Irving's company. His present engagement eminently qualifies him, therefore, to discuss "Shakspeare and the musical glasses." As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Lugg's association with the lighter form of entertainment is in the nature of a return to first principles, for he started his career in musical drama at the Savoy.

For a long time there have been rumours in the Green-Room that Miss Millward was anxious to produce in London Mr. Stanislaus Stange's comedy of eighteenth-century manners, "The School for Husbands," which has had a certain vogue on the other side of the Atlantic. Indeed, at one time it seemed as if these rumours would have borne fruit some months ago, but the plans did not mature. Nothing, however, so far as human eyes can see, will interfere to prevent the play being given on Saturday of next week at the Scala Theatre, where Miss Millward will make her appearance as actress-manageress.

Miss Millward was so great a favourite at the Adelphi, where she infused the breath of life into many heroines who would scarcely have seemed vital but for her art, that she is sure of the warmest of warm welcomes for the London theatrical public is always loyal to its favourites. In addition to a play which she believes will be attractive, Miss Millward has wisely engaged a strong company, headed by one of the strongest and finest actors who speaks the English language, Mr. Frank

Cooper, as well as by Mr. Philip Cunningham, Mr. T. W. Percyval, Miss Dolores Drummond, Miss Mona K. Oram, and Miss Dorothy Minto, who has been coming to the front with such rapidity since she made her success as "the girl Juliet," while her companion, "the boy Romeo," Mr. Esme Percy, is doing equally well for himself as Britannicus in "Nero" with Mr. Tree.

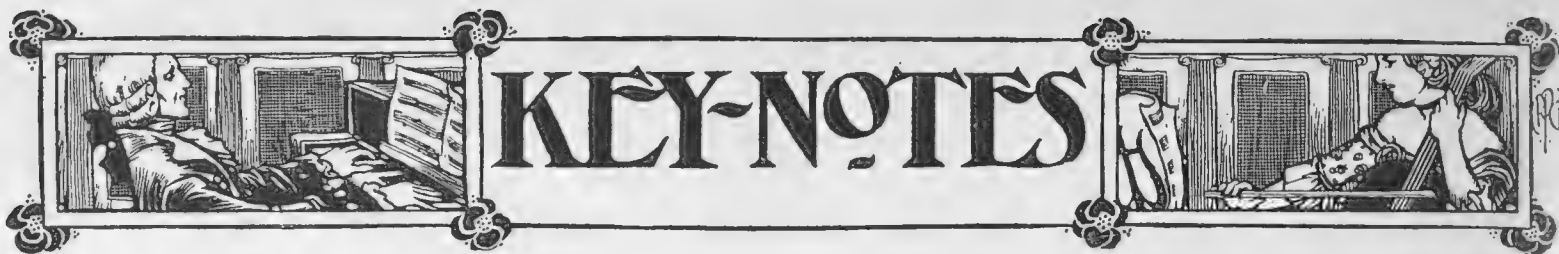
For the present, at all events, Mr. Tree has stopped his preparations for the immediate production of "Joan of Arc," in which Miss Viola Tree was to appear as the Maid of Domrémy.

On Friday Mr. Hermann Vezin will celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of his birthday, and will receive the congratulations of a large circle of friends who hold him in high esteem. Although an American by birth, Mr. Vezin came to England before he was twenty-one, and has remained ever since, so that he is as English as most of us. His association with our stage dates back to the Easter Monday of 1850, when he acted at York, and in the following year played such important characters as Shylock, Richelieu, and Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest," in the provinces. By a curious coincidence, on the Easter Monday two years after his first appearance, he acted at the Princess's Theatre with Charles Kean in "King John," and at once began to win the regard of the play-going public. While not the oldest actor in the active exercise of his calling—for Mr. Wright, who is with Mr. Martin Harvey, is older still—he is probably the senior actor of the London stage, and a large circle of admirers will welcome his reappearance in a prominent part. Two or three years ago there was a talk of a complimentary performance in his honour. It was, however, postponed.



TEMPTING PROVIDENCE: MISS MILLIE LEGARDE SINGING "HOW'D YOU LIKE TO COME AND SPOON WITH ME?" AT THE PALACE.

"How'd you like to hug and squeeze me?"
Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



M. VICTOR MAUREL has a European reputation, and in whatsoever place he sings he is always assured of popular applause.

At the Bechstein Hall last week he gave a concert, at which he was assisted by Miss Alys Mutch and Mrs. Robert Menzies, his chief accompanist being Mr. Landon Ronald. M. Maurel is an artist who has learned, if the paradox may be allowed, to rise superior to any vocal faults. He has a very fine voice and he knows exactly how to use it; but if, by any chance, he is not quite in his best form, his extraordinary intelligence invariably reveals to him the easiest way through which he may impress his public by the undoubted talents which he possesses. The subject is rather a fascinating one. For many years now M. Maurel has advocated the theory that it is better to be dramatic in singing than to be absolutely vocal from a technical point of view. It is all very well, of course, for an artist like M. Maurel to take up this position, simply because he is a great dramatic artist as well as a fine singer. M. Maurel, however, is always seeking for fresh worlds to conquer; and his latest conquest is that of the English language. With practically perfect pronunciation of our own tongue, he sang "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes" most charmingly, and with a singular sense of delicacy. It only remains to add that Mr. Ronald accompanied very beautifully indeed, and that Miss Mutch achieved quite a success.

One supposes that, in time, "The Dream of Gerontius" will assert itself as one of the classics of the world in the same manner as Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" have asserted themselves. Modern as we all are nowadays, Sir Edward Elgar's work seems to reach a point of musical accomplishment

beyond which artistry cannot further go. But it is something to note that the progressiveness of music in its harmony comes from one generation to another with quite a natural spirit. The pioneers, of course, are those who make later music easy of comprehension, and with the falling out of any one school a pioneer seems inevitably to spring up and to found another order of things. After all, the truth of the whole matter is contained in Tennyson's most pregnant phrase—

The old order
changeth, giving
place to new.

Thus it is that Elgar in his music, up to a certain point, becomes a messenger of new things, even though it is perfectly certain

Whether or not it is mere prejudice that leads one to think that the earliest performances of a great work are necessarily the best need not be discussed at the present moment; but it may be said that the interpretation of the Chorus of Devils given by this society ranks, in the present writer's experience, as only second to the rendering given at Sheffield some few years ago, when the Yorkshire choristers attacked the whole work, and this chorus especially, with a spirit, a feeling, and a musicianly idea that were quite transporting. Mr. Gervase Elwes sang the part of Gerontius in quite the true spirit intended by the composer of the work, and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies as the Priest and as the Angel of the Agony was in his best form. With the exception of just two or three pages of the score, which by some misunderstanding seemed to be misinterpreted, the performance was exceedingly fine.

M. Delafosse, an extremely fine pianist, gave at the Queen's Hall last week a concert at which he was assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, which was conducted by Mr. Landon Ronald. M. Delafosse is a wonderfully fine pianist; his technique is quite extraordinary, for it seems that at every point of the most difficult passages of great and classical works he can never go wrong. His touch is at times as light as fairyland, and at other times strong with a true virile strength of wrist. He played the pianoforte part in his own composition, a Fantasia in E for Pianoforte and Orchestra, and showed thereby that he not only composes (as very often Liszt did) for the sake of virtuosity, but also for the sake of beauty itself. He has a power which is very often denied to the virtuoso, of a capacity for creation in music, marking him out, therefore, as a very exceptional figure among modern players. Again, though we cannot speak with approval of his arrangement of an Etude by Chopin—a work which ought to be left entirely alone, and be interpreted according to the composer's own ideas—he played that Etude magnificently. One regrets to think that he played it so well, simply because of one's objection to the principle of the thing. In Weber's "Concertstück" for Pianoforte and Orchestra he was extremely good; but the selection of Liszt's "Reminiscences de Norma" might easily have been spared from the programme where one might have heard M. Delafosse in works much more suited to his great abilities and finely attuned temperament. Mr. Ronald conducted admirably, particularly in a performance of Stanford's Irish Rhapsody.

Miss Katie Parker, who has already had a certain select reputation in various schools of music, and has been the pupil of Wilhelmj, gave a concert a few evenings ago, in which she proved that her training and education have been of the greatest artistic use to her. Mr. Henry Wood conducted the Queen's Hall Orchestra throughout the concert, the chief work of which was Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor for Violin and Orchestra. Miss Parker is a brilliantly interesting player; she, of course, has much yet to learn in experience and in fullness of feeling; but in all the little humorous points of music and in a great deal of the sentimental point of view, her work is admirable. She seems to have the technical capacity of a very fine artist, combined with a certain sense of irresponsibility which the inevitable years will take away from her.

COMMON CHORD.



A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY ENTERTAINER:
MISS CLARA ALEXANDER.

Miss Alexander's entertainment consists of impersonations of plantation people from the cotton-fields of Mississippi, and songs, stories, and episodes of darkey life. She was programmed to appear at the concert held at Grosvenor House on behalf of the Navy Mission yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon.

Photograph by Bassano.

that the time will come when his work, ranked among the classical works of time, will take its high and natural position among the compositions dictated by musical genius. The performance of the work given by the London Choral Society a few days ago, with Mr. Arthur Fagge as conductor, was very vital and intelligent.



AN ENGLISH PIANIST WHO IS TOURING CANADA:
MISS ADELA VERNE.

Miss Verne left this country for her tour at the beginning of this month, and expects to be back by the end of May.

Photograph by J. C. Dinham.

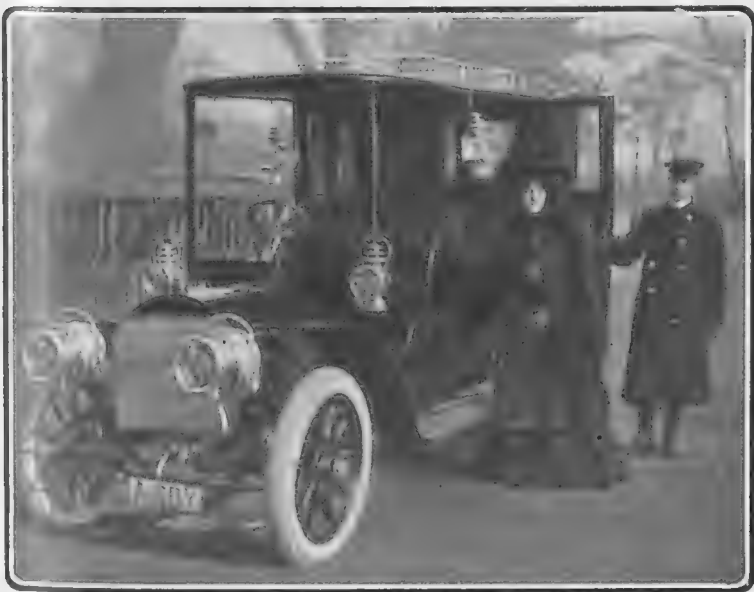


THE 5000 MILES TYRE TRIALS—TWO ENTRIES!—FEW LAMPS; MANY SPEEDOMETERS—PROTECTION OF ENGINE, ETC., AGAINST MUD AND DIRT—THE MOTORIST JUST AN ORDINARY CRIMINAL—FOWL-KILLING AND COMPENSATION.

THE entries for the 5000 Miles Tyre Trials promoted by the Automobile Club, must be very disappointing to all concerned. At the moment of writing I hear of but two firms—the Collier Tyre Company and the Hartridge Tyre Syndicate—who have entered tyres. The great tyre firms, the firms who make and vend the majority of the tyres used on automobiles at home and abroad to-day, are conspicuous by their absence. And the reasons, as I have had them from the folk most interested, are not far to seek. The great companies like the Dunlop and the Continental Tyre Companies, who have built up lasting reputations for themselves in the course of several years, consider that chance, pure chance, altogether apart from quality, enters far, far too much into a competition of the kind promoted by the Club. They point out that they may enter the best possible tyres, and yet by sheer bad luck, such as running over a very sharp flint or a broken bottle, their tyre may be utterly condemned in the first day's run; and all through no fault of their own. Luck enters so largely into the life of tyres that to trust to luck is too much to be expected of the big tyre houses with big reputations. Companies such as the pair I have named are always ready to meet their clients generously in the very infrequent case of a faulty tyre, though faulty tyres grow fewer every day with the continual improvement in manufacture.

The same element of luck cannot be said to enter into the case of lamps and speedometers submitted for test, though in the case of the former, I notice the omission of the names of the two prominent French firms whose goods are most in evidence in this country. In this connection I am pleased to see that one well-known English firm has had the courage to place their wares on trial, and I have no doubt that they will come out with flying colours. I have met numerous users of Worsnop's lamps, and all have sworn by them, and, having once used them, have been proof against the seduction of other makes. There are many speedometers in the list—no fewer than eight—and I am forced to wonder how the Club officials will deal with them, as apparently but one car with Collier tyres and one 'bus chassis with Hartridge solid tyres are to start. The vehicles will have to accommodate four speedometers apiece, so that their dashboards will be a sight to see. The headlights can just be accommodated, while one of the cars will have to bear two tail-lights.

It is now quite the fashion to encase the lower part of a car chassis in sheet metal, to protect the moving parts of the mechanism from



A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY MOTORIST: MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND AND HER 25-30 H.P. 1906 ARIEL.

Photograph by Bassano.

mud and dust. That this is necessary is known to none so well as to those who have experienced the extraordinary cutting properties of the fine particles of flint held in the slush of the silex-made roads of Southern England and many parts of France. These particles find

their way into the crank and gear shaft bearings and the universal and plunging joints of propeller-shafts, to their very great detriment. The effect of flinty slush and flint-dust on unprotected side driving-chains is too well known to need comment. Now those who already possess cars, and purchased them before the period of metal aprons, however formed, can do much to keep the wearsome foe at bay, if they will get



A LADY WHO IS HER OWN CHAUFFEUR AND MECHANICIAN: MISS HOTHAM, GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR HENRY HOTHAM, AND ONE OF HER CATS.

Miss Hotham, who is a sister of Mr. F. W. Hotham, heir-presumptive to the 5th Baron Hotham, not only drives her own car, but tends it with considerable mechanical skill, even cleaning it herself. In addition to this, she plays golf for Surrey and for the Woking Club, which she captained last year. She is extremely fond of pets; and is the owner of cats and dogs innumerable.

Photograph by W. End.

some smart mechanic man to fit an apron of Willesden waterproofed canvas—made to strap neatly in several places—to the frame. A cage of metal bars or strips will, however, have to be fitted to keep the canvas from contact with the exhaust-pipe and silencer, if it be necessary to enclose them. The apron of canvas, if properly fitted, will afford just as much protection as one of sheet metal, and is cheaper, though, of course, not so durable.

I note that a Judge of the North Countree has declared that even a motorist may not be tried twice or punished twice for the same offence. Of course this is knowledge common to all the world in regard to crimes and offences committed in the ordinary way—if all crimes and offences be not extraordinary, which I trust they are; but I query whether any motorist has felt sure that, say, the Surrey and Hunts magistracy would not try him and punish him for the same offence unto seventy times seven, if only the opportunities were afforded them. But the Stipendiary of the Bradford City Court, clearly a most learned and just Judge, dropped upon the local police very heavily indeed for charging an automobilist before him for an offence for which he had already been summoned and fined. Mr. Stipendiary pointed out that when an Englishman became a motorist he did not forfeit all the rights of a subject, although some magistrates clearly appear to think so, and deal with him accordingly.

I do think that when motoring in this country and on the Continent car-owners should, after running over and killing a fowl, stop, make inquiries as to the bird's ownership, and offer fair compensation at the value of a common or barndoor bird. Should the owner suggest that you have done to death a fowl of price, one that has borne himself proudly at local shows and is the talk of the neighbourhood, then you reply that the King's highway is no common fowl-run, and birds of such value are worthy of a little wire netting. The prize-fowl plea is becoming something common in France, they tell me, so French drivers of conscience have but one figure—two francs—for a suicidal slaughtered fowl, though he be hung round with awards.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE LINCOLN HANDICAP—THE GRAND NATIONAL—FOOTGEAR.

IF the first big handicap to be decided this year be taken for a guide, ante-post betting can be written down a thing of the past.

True, double events are just as popular as ever, and all the little punters try early to find the winners of the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National, and thereby capture long shots. It can, I think, be truthfully asserted that no owner with a horse engaged in the Lincoln Handicap has put a halfpenny on his horse yet; and owners, by-the-bye, are sufficiently wily nowadays to wait and see which way the cat jumps before throwing their money away. Many watch the doings of other people's horses and other people's commission agents before taking the final plunge, with the result that, when

the day of the race comes, we find only half-a-dozen horses seriously backed, and these often finish in the first eight. I dare say those who wait until the day, and back the favourite, will have a deal the best of the argument. Just now Dumbarton Castle is backed by some of the knowing ones who like good odds to their money. He is a horse that should act well on this course, and if ridden by Madden I should take him to beat all comers. Chelys, who will be the mount of Griggs, should run well. On his Epsom and Sandown form he has a big chance if he can stay this easy mile. The Lincoln people think Catty Crag has a chance second to none. He is being well trained, and has been kept on the move for the last two months. Morton has three engaged, and it is generally thought that Dean Swift will be the best of his lot, but that horse is far too unreliable for one to recommend. G. Edwards, the trainer, has two engaged—Standen and Park Ranger. I like the last named. Galantine, owned by Mr. Dresden and trained by C. Archer, is the latest Newmarket tip for the race; but the mare breaks blood-vessels, and for that reason should not be trusted. If I had to make a selection for the race now I should go for Dumbarton Castle.

Everything points to the Cross-country Blue Ribbon being the best jumping contest of the year. The horses engaged are in good work. The amateur riders are getting fit and the professional jockeys are, in their own language, "going slow" in honour of the big occasion. The race is highly charged with doubt at the present time. For instance, it is impossible to say which horse Sir Charles Nugent will select. He has four engaged—Leinster, John M.P., Drumcree and Master Ben, a very remarkable quartet. The first-named is a splendid jumper, and the same can be said of John M.P., who simply made mincemeat of Desert Chief at Hurst Park. It may not be generally known that before the start at Hurst Park, Sir Charles offered to match John M.P. to run Desert Chief at a mile over four fences for £1000. The result of the longer race

showed that Sir Charles knew what he was talking about. There are many people who think that Drumcree will win the Grand National for the second time. The horse has now been given a long rest, and is said to be sound once more. Now that Kirkland has been struck out, the situation becomes confusing in the extreme. The Gunner is in good work, and he is very likely to go close, while I think Timothy Titus has a great chance; but owners should not hesitate to run their horses on the off-chance, for anything may win, unless Sir Charles Nugent has a certainty among his imposing team. The chances are that falls will be numerous as usual, and it should never be forgotten that at one

stage of the race won by Old Joe he had a dozen better horses in front of him; but they came down like ninepins one after another, and the ancient one was left with the prize at his feet.

I am now going to sound a note of warning *pro bono publico*. Many ladies and gentlemen who go racing at this season of the year complain of the cold, owing to standing on the wet grass. They should provide themselves with goloshes or lined motor-boots, or Canadian snow-shoes—the latter for choice, as they are very warm and comfortable. I wore them when sleighing in North America, with the thermometer far down below zero, and I never got cold feet. Mr. Judge Robinson always wears goloshes, in the winter. They keep the feet dry, but not warm. Some of the gouty bookmakers have two-inch soles to their boots. Indeed, the late Billy Shee had a pair of Wellingtons with soles that were three inches thick; but he had all his work cut out to walk across the ring in them, and I think they are apt to injure the

shape of the foot. It may not be generally known that one of the leading trainers always wears patent boots of the dancing-pump order all the year round, and another trainer who suffers from chronic bronchitis always dons very thin boots. True, some men cannot walk in thick boots, while others do not like thin ones. Both parties, however, could wear goloshes without any inconvenience; and by doing so they might keep free of colds. The boots worn by jockeys in races are of the very best make as a rule, and they cost a deal of money. A pair of top-boots made in the City for Lester Reiff weighed fifteen ounces only, and in appearance they looked as thin as a two-pound saddle. I am very glad to notice that many ladies and gentlemen who follow winter racing wear sealskin gloves of the motor pattern. I am told that it is impossible to find winners if you have cold feet and cold hands.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



A FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL COMEDIAN AS A FOOTBALLER: MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS A PLAYER OF OUR NATIONAL WINTER GAME.

As many sportsmen are aware, Mr. George Robey, the well-known music-hall comedian, is a footballer of considerable skill. He captained a team at the Annual Theatrical Gala, held at the Liverpool Football Club ground last week.

Photograph by Eastham.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AMONGST the many peculiarities of our variegated human nature the philosophy with which we hear of our neighbours' misfortunes stands particularly evident. When, therefore, dire accounts of east winds, blizzards, and blighted blossoms come from the Côte d'Azur, those stay-at-homes who have not been able to

The new Empire scarves, to be worn across the shoulders after the approved manner of these days, are quite handsome. Woven designs of conventional roses and foliage in colours or silver and gold thread ornament the soft white silk of which they are made. These silken scarves are newer than chiffon, and less inappropriate, also, to cold spring weather. I met several this week at the Court Theatre, which has generally something to offer in up-to-date sartorial refreshment now that those clever plays of Bernard Shaw and Granville Barker are drawing fashionable London to its doors. Perhaps the fascination of "The Voysey Inheritance" is due as much to its intense naturalness as to its brilliant, incisive dialogue. The young generation of playwrights are certainly knocking very loudly at the door.

As everybody seems bent on wearing a corselet skirt and extremely short bolero for the coming spring, a somewhat mature and well-developed friend put herself into the hands of a sympathetic *couturière* lately, feeling that she must assume Fashion's latest uniform or fall ill in the attempt. She did both. Not that one is an effect following a cause, as anyone gazing on the models which adorn our pages this week can amply realise; but a too rotund person compressed into a mercilessly slim corselet skirt with outlines more attuned to June than recent weather, and what will you? Unsuitability, whether of temperament, temperature, or things merely sartorial, is a sempiternal error which, in other matters of more moment, is of daily occurrence, and will be so unto the end of



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A CHIC DRESS FOR THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

negotiate a journey South this spring are inclined to hug themselves more closely in the fireside contentment of home. To distressing accounts of weather-symptoms are added the now too-familiar story of a German invasion of Monte Carlo, which has been growing each season for the past four years; and we hear accounts of certain ladies who affect tightly drawn back hair, coloured blouses and black skirts; while their worthy males are arrayed in black coats, brown boots, and headgear of the "chiefly bowler" variety, or some similar disguise. Of English there are not many, and of the better Americans but a few, all of which sounds indeed unlike the "Monte" of fond memory and inexpressible smartness which we can all remember and regret.

From returning acquaintances who have halted in Paris one hears of the rage for everything Empire which at the moment dominates clothes in the Gay City. The mode chiefly extends to evening "altogethers," and millinery, which is reported from various sources as "extremely mad," the Napoleon, the Josephine, the de Stael *chapeaux* making three particularly eccentric varieties which defy mere description as to contours, while revelling in combinations of colour that positively shriek when brought together—orange and bright green, magenta and blue, purple and scarlet, reminiscent of the gorgeous gaudiness which characterised Josephine, the beautiful Creole. Evening gowns, on the contrary, are mostly in pale colourings, the diaphanous spangled gauze hanging loose, in correct First Empire fashion, over the satin robe of mauve or rose or amber being the most graceful revival of late eighteenth-century modes.



[Copyright.]

A FASHIONABLE DESIGN IN VELVET.

time. Meanwhile, these two illustrated examples of the mode *par excellence*, as applied to the graceful symmetry of ordinary Anglo-Saxon young womanhood, appear very seductive. Both are gowns for Riviera days of sunshine or early English summer, aspects in which friends' frocks and the world generally appear at their best. A little coat of Irish crochet frilled with little rivulets of white silk crowns a

dainty corselet gown of white cloth, the roses and ribbons and raptures of a Paris hat surmounting all. In the second instance of this graceful fashion, a chiffon-velvet gown, orchid in tone, is heightened to greater effect by lace and rich embroidery, a white satin hat, befeathered with peach-coloured plumes, according well with its composition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SYLVIA (Drogheda).—Undoubtedly the better way, as you are shortly coming to town, would be to get plans and prices from a few of the first furnishing firms, and select the most suitable scheme for redecorating the old house. You can, for one thing, unhesitatingly put the bed-rooms into the capable hands of Heal and Son, Tottenham Court Road. They are full of original ideas, and can utilise your old cupboards and windows to the most picturesque as well as practical purposes. I should give the whole matter of the twelve bed-rooms to them, and get designs submitted to you before you arrive in London. For the reception-rooms you have a very wide choice. Hamptons' taste is very good, and there are several, indeed dozens of other high-class firms each of which specialise to a certain extent and from whom good designs are obtainable. You will probably like to exercise your own taste as an artist in many details. I can, if you desire it, give you later many tips that may be useful.

L. F. H.—The hockey clubs are to be had at any fancy stationer's or at shops like Parkins and Gotto.

SYBIL.



THE CHALLENGE SHIELD OF THE MOTOR UNION OF WESTERN INDIA, WON BY AN ARGYLL CAR.

It may be remembered that the shield formed the trophy offered in Class C (for cars costing from £400 to £600). The contest was over a distance of about 500 miles, divided into four daily stages; and Dr. A. H. Deane, driving his own 16-20 h.p. Argyll, proved the winner.

kisses are like kissing cold starch, cold cream, and vanilla beans. Others have noticed the same thing, but they don't brag about it.

The Unionist who affirmed that the path in front of his house was being repaved in honour of a Labour Member who chances to dwell in the same street is assured by another Unionist that he is mistaken—there is tar; but there are no feathers.

The authorities of the Guildhall School of Music are petitioning to have a "refuge" for pedestrians erected on the Embankment, opposite the street in which their Academy stands. Economists regard the idea as wantonly luxurious. Closed windows would be much cheaper, and quite as effective.

"The xylophone and the bassinet have been placed on the 'unfair' list by the Chicago Federation of Musicians," says the *Chicago Chronicle*. We understand that Suburbia is entirely with the "gentlemen of the orchestra" so far as the bassinet is concerned. Herr Kubelik, on the other hand, is believed not to approve.

It would seem that the next Court function or two are to be deprived of the dignified presence of the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquess of Cholmondeley, holder of the title, having met with an awkward, although, fortunately, not dangerous fall while out with the Quorn last week. The Marquess is joint hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain with the Earl of Ancaster and Earl Carrington, and was chosen to exercise the office in 1902. His son, the Earl of Rock-savage, is in the 9th Lancers, and served in the Transvaal War.

Should Sir Charles Dilke's Bill on the franchise be passed—a possibility that has not reached the dignity of probability—there will no longer be need for energetic ladies to wave flags at public meetings and talk fervently of the disabilities of their sex. All will be well in those days, so far as "the fair" are concerned, for they or their sisters will be sitting in Parliament, and on the "floor," not behind the grille. One clause of Sir Charles' Bill provides that "no person shall be disqualified by sex or marriage from being a member of either House of Parliament, or from exercising any public functions whatever." So may there be joy in the land.

The statement that the Queen and the Dowager-Empress of Russia have determined to have their own Danish summer residence cannot be said to have been altogether unexpected. Our own Queen's love for her fatherland is too well known to call for comment, and the idea has been mooted for some time that the Dowager-Empress would make her summer home either in this country or in Denmark, or in one and the other alternately. The residence said to have been acquired by the Royal sisters is a delightful little house, commanding the Sound, some four miles from the capital, and most recently owned by the widow of an officer in the diplomatic service.

It is particularly appropriate that Mr. J. M. Barrie's latest work should have a home at the Haymarket, for it was at the Haymarket that our most popular playwright had his first big stage success—"The Little Minister." Details as to date, subject, and so forth are not yet forthcoming, but there is no reason for imagining that Mr. Barrie will leave those realms of human fantasy that make "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" and "Peter Pan" as delightful as they are artistic. Of the cast nothing is known save that it is practically settled and that Mr. "Charlie" Hawtrey is to be a "lead."

The wedding of Miss Cicely Alexander and Mr. Bernard Spring-Rice, grandson of the first Lord Montagu, which took place last week, aroused widespread interest not only in Society but in the artistic world, for Miss Alexander is the original of Whistler's most famous and much-debated child-portrait. The picture, like so much of Whistler's work, was the centre of considerable controversy when it was placed on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery: Mr. "Punch" found it "a gruesomeness in grey"; another critic, "a rhapsody in raw child and cobwebs", Mr. George Moore, "the most beautiful picture in the world." Mr. W. C. Alexander, the bride's father, was one of the earliest and most ardent appreciators of Whistler's genius.

The interior of the Great Pyramid has hitherto been suffocatingly hot, on account of the lack of ventilation, but that drawback to its exploration has now been obviated. An American, named Covington, living at Cairo, has had an opening made right through the masonry to the Chamber of the King, which will thus be ventilated. At present the air-passage is very small, but as soon as the shaft has been enlarged the current of air will reduce the temperature to seventy degrees. The shaft measures 160 feet in length, and care will be taken that it is not choked up, as was the fate of a smaller passage made in 1837 by Colonel Howard-Vyse.

The next week or so will see a round of gaieties in "Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty"—Levée, Drawing-Room, State Concert, and State Ball. In the old days there was always a mysterious shamrock-dressed lady at St. Patrick's Ball, who vanished as the clock struck twelve, and kissed the knocker of Dublin Castle on the way out! Now everyone will be interested to see whether Lord Aberdeen retains the ancient privilege of kissing the *débutantes*, which Lord Cadogan abandoned and Lord Dudley revived. The Viceroy's kiss has always been the fertile theme of jokes. There is a wicked story that Lord Spencer used to retire in the middle of the function to brush the—shall we say it?—the powder from his ample beard. One lady was so agitated that she offered her cheek to a member of the suite instead of to his Excellency, and on realising her mistake, rushed home and retired to bed for several days from sheer horror at the *bêtise*! Meanwhile Dublin society eagerly discussed the momentous question, "Did the aide-de-camp kiss her?"

Mrs. Griffith Brewer (the first lady to cross the Channel since the invention of a balloon by Montgolfier in 1783), with Mr. Frank Hedges Butler and Mr. Percival Spencer, members of the Aero Club, left the Wands-worth Gas Works in the Aero Club No. 2, 45,000 ft. capacity, at 2.15 p.m. on the 20th of this month, and landed twenty miles from Boulogne at 5.30 p.m. on the same day.

At the Portman Rooms on Monday, Feb. 19, Mrs. O'Hea (teacher of callisthenics, deportment, and dancing at the Hampstead Conservatoire, Swiss Cottage) gave a Demonstration Class to a very large audience, some two hundred of her pupils going through a long programme, comprising twelve items, including drilling, skipping, club exercises, the cymbal and other dances. Miss Head danced the hornpipe in excellent style. Mrs. O'Hea deserves great credit for the way that everything was carried through.

Gradually and in ever-increasing numbers those desirous of escaping the fogs and frosts with which London is favoured winter by winter are discovering that "going abroad" is not the only remedy for their complaint. "The Cornish Riviera" offers them many inducements, and once they have tasted its joys they are as unwilling to relinquish them as they are ready to return to them when they have had perforce to leave them for a time. Those interested in the matter cannot do better than send threepence to the Great Western Railway Company, Paddington Station, London, W., for their excellent illustrated booklet, "The Cornish Riviera—our National Winter Health and Pleasure Resort; How to Go There and What to See There."



THE MERCHANTS' CUP FOR THE RANGOON SPRING MEETING.

The trophy was designed and manufactured by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Co., 188, Oxford Street, W., and 125-126, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 6.

THE last settlement has produced, as was expected, some trouble in Kaffirs; indeed, the failures do not represent the real volume of the defaults, for other operators had to be helped over. The truth is that the advent of the new Ministry and the prominence which was given to Chinese labour at the elections has quite demoralised the South African market, and for the present, at least, there is an end to any hope of the public buying. From October last we have been warning our readers against buying Kaffirs, and advising correspondents that it would probably be cheaper to cut losses rather than hold on, and those who took our advice must be thankful for their prudence. The whole Constitution of the Transvaal appears to have been thrown into the melting-pot, and until one can see with more certainty in what shape it is going to emerge, there can be no serious improvement.

While the Kaffir outlook is thus depressing, we look to an upward move in gilt-edged stocks, especially Consols, and in Home Rails, where the steady improvement in the trade of the country is made evident by the traffic returns, and where, also, various economies in working are probable.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

We have referred to the Mesquital Gold Mines in this column on several occasions. Great delay has taken place in clearing the water out of the lower levels, and a new and powerful hoist had to be installed. We hear that this work has been finished and that the new plant began work on the 5th of this month. By the courtesy of the management we are enabled to reproduce a photograph of the new installation, one of the first, if not the first, to reach this country.

THE LOTTERY BOND BUSINESS.

Some very curious revelations were made in Paris the other day at the trial of a man named Page, who was in the employment of a Mrs. Clarke, the proprietor of the business carried on under the title of Cunliffe Russell and Co. The account of the proceedings appeared in the Paris *Daily Mail*, and the prisoner's counsel seems so to have worked upon the feelings of the jury by an exposure of the way in which Cunliffe Russell and Co. conduct their trade that a verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned. We have over and over again warned our readers against dealing with Cunliffe Russell and Co., upon the ground that they charge more than the market price for the bonds they offer for sale, and from the revelations at the trial of the man Page, it seems we have always understated the amount of the overcharges. It is said the business is so flourishing that 70,000 pamphlets are sent out every week at a cost of £680 for postage alone. Our readers may estimate the profitable nature of this method of earning a living by the contribution which the good Mrs. Clarke is prepared to pay in postage-stamps alone for the privilege of endeavouring to sell lottery bonds at more than their market price. India is a happy hunting-ground for the estimable lady, and we especially warn our readers in that country against Cunliffe Russell and Co.'s seductive pamphlets.

The chances against lottery bond-holders are big enough at current market prices, but the odds are even worse if the buyer pays excessively for his ticket.

SOME FOREIGN RAILS.

The traffic receipts of the Arauco Company for 1905 amounted to £63,687, as compared with £59,247 in 1904 and £57,680 in 1903, while the percentage of expenses was lower than last year. The net earnings for the year will not be published for some time, but it is known that they will more than cover the interest on the two classes of Debenture stocks. The 5 per cent. Irredeemable First Mortgage Debenture stock stands at par, and the 6 per cent. Second Mortgage Debenture stock at 84, at which price it returns over 7 per cent. The latter seems likely to go to at least 90.

Antofagasta Railway stock has more than recovered the ground lost at the end of 1905, and the Company has begun the year well with an increase for January of £30,059. In the course of the present year holders of Ordinary stock will receive for every £100 of stock—

£50 of 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference stock.
£75 of 6 per cent. Preferred stock.
£75 of Deferred stock.

while holders of the present Deferred stock will receive for every £100 of such stock—

£150 of 6 per cent. Preferred stock.
£150 of Deferred stock.

The Preferred stock shares with the Deferred, after the latter has received 10 per cent. for the year. There is little doubt that the present earnings would admit of 10 per cent. being paid on the new Deferred stock, but assuming that only 7 or 8 per cent. is paid, the stock is likely to be worth at least £120. If we value the

5 per cent. Cumulative Preference at 110, and the 6 per cent. Preferred at 120, the value of the present Ordinary stock works out as follows—

£50	5 per cent. Cumulative Preference at 110	=	£55
£75	6 per cent. Preferred	=	£90
£75	Deferred	=	£90
			£235

And of the present Deferred stock—

£150	6 per cent. Preferred at 120	=	£180
£150	Deferred at 120	=	£180
			£360

I have purposely taken a conservative view of the value of the Deferred stock, and it is quite likely that it may stand at a higher figure than 120.

Great Western of Brazil shares have reacted somewhat, after going to nearly 16½. The gross traffic receipts for 1905 were £455,000; allowing 70 per cent. for working expenses, which is probably too high a figure, the net receipts would amount to £136,500, and after paying debenture and preference charges there would be a balance for the ordinary shares of £55,400, equal to about 13 per cent. This is probably too conservative an estimate, and in some quarters a profit of over 20 per cent. is expected; but of course not more than half of this is likely to be paid in dividend. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the rise in exchange will have seriously increased the cost of the extensive new works upon which the Company is engaged. Q.

Feb. 24, 1906.

YANKEES.

During the worst of the Kaffir crisis a well-known dealer in Yankees stood on the fringe of the East Rand Market. Some of the Kaffir jobbers appealed to him, with a sort of melancholy pride, to know whether American dealers had such experiences as their own. The Yankee dealer laughed aloud: "You wait," he told them; "you wait and see. There's such a crash coming in our market some day as will make this kind of thing"—he waved his hand towards the depressed Circus—"the veriest child's play." But when the others pressed him to fix a date for the *débâcle*, he declined to commit himself to that extent.

It is a safe prophecy, and one which must especially commend itself to financial writers who have watched the long rise up till now with the knowledge that sooner or later a break was inevitable. We have not joined ourselves as yet to the noble army of pessimists, although frankly admitting the probability of the generally predicted slump. To us it seems some way off, so far as can be seen at present. Conditions, of course, change rapidly—almost from hour to hour, always from day to day, so that the only thing a writer in advance can possibly do is to indicate on what broad lines the market is likely to keep. One of the most significant signs of a slump ahead is the tremendous up-piling of fresh indebtedness, in the form of new bond and share issues by existing companies. For such securities, where they are sound investments, there is a demand in the United States that often outstrips the supply; we speak of the good

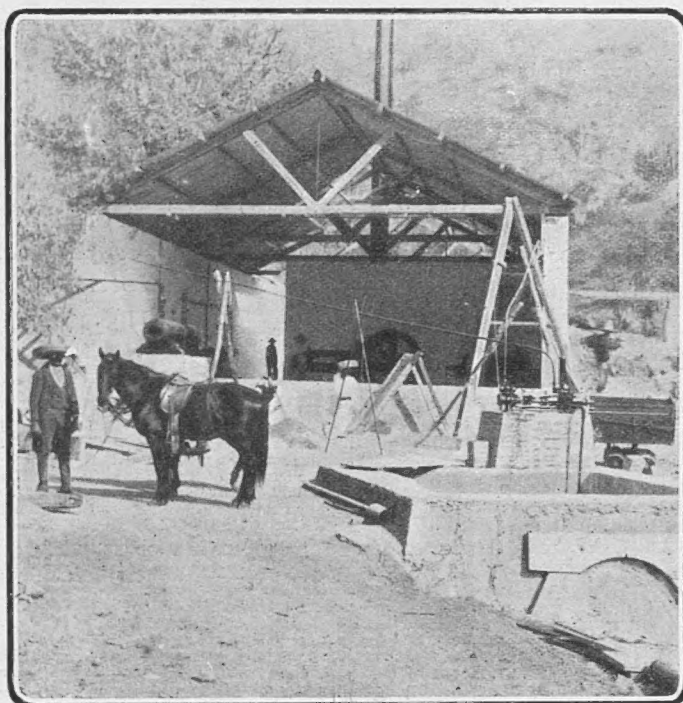
stocks, not of the dozens of second, third and lower grade ranks with prospectuses of which our waste-paper baskets are constantly flooded by United States bankers, brokers and other agents. While the Railroad Companies obtain their money cheaply in this way, the Ordinary stockholders, though sometimes getting an immediate bonus, are storing up trouble for themselves in the days when prosperity is less rampant, less aggressive. But our view remains that Americans have still a good deal of kick left in them, and that the process will be mainly reserved for the bears of the stocks.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

They say in the House that Consols are to go better, and it may happen that the account will show a fair-sized increase on the bull operation. Some men whom I know have been buying Consols as a hedge to their bear tactics in the Kaffir Market, and it rather looks as though they may come home both ways. What most of us would like to know is whether the Income Tax will be reduced. Mr. Asquith will, of course, have every excuse for leaving taxation untouched all round this April, because the unhappy man will have had very little chance of striking out a line of his own. Mr. Asquith is regarded with some favour in the City, and if he can manage to produce a Budget in which statesmanship blends with businesslikeness, he will probably become the most popular member of the Cabinet. After the mediocrity of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, his successor cannot complain of having to compete with a brilliant example.

On balance there is much to be said in favour of a rise in Consols during March. Those who have followed *The Sketch* tips in regard to Mexican Rails and Inter-oceanic Preferences can now make a fine profit by selling. I doubt very much whether it ought to be taken. Of course, one likes to see a man make sure of a handsome profit. Why not take it, and let someone else have a go? You know the sort of feeling. Although Inter-oceanic Preference may react, the price will go to something between 10 and 12 eventually, while Mexican Seconds should also be picked up if they relapse to anything like 55. And keep a sharp eye on the Preferred shares of the Mexican National Railroad. So far, they have barely participated in the remarkable jump in Mexican railway descriptions. The people behind the scenes are long of patience, long of purse. They do not want to rush the concern just at present. But perhaps the speculative investor may take the price out



THE COMPRESSOR INSTALLATION AND THE NEW HOIST AT THE MESQUITAL MINES, MEXICO.

of their hands, and when it begins to move, 50 won't stop it, and perhaps it will go over 60. As I write the price is a trifle above 40, and the shares are in dollars, like those of American Railroads.

Business is not exactly what one would call flourishing, taking the Stock Exchange as a whole. This slump in Kaffirs, despite the subsequent recovery, has frightened people a good deal—and that is not a "good deal" by any means. Prices may be getting down to something approaching their proper value. Did we not always agree, you and I, that Gold Fields would one day touch £5 or less? And East Rands, Randfontein, Modders, Rand Mines and that crowd—we have so often checked our mutual opinion that the prices, say, up to the end of last year were not justified from the standpoint of dividend payments and dividend prospects. So although the rout came rather ahead of our expectations, it was not unlooked for, even while we admit that what we anticipated was a slow sagging away rather than a drastic slump. The future? There will be little bits of ups and downs for the next six months, and no steady market at all, one fears. For putting-away purposes, perhaps, buy Kaffirs: for selling the same day, to-morrow, or, at latest, next account, let them alone, unless you think it worth running risks for the sake of an extremely slim profit.

Punters and gamblers in the Kaffir Market may be doing a little, but the ordinary bonâ-fide dealer books comparatively few bargains. He sees his capital slowly dwindling, drifting into the hands of the butcher, the baker, the electric-light maker: very little comes in, but it is beyond measure difficult to reduce expenditure, to cut the coat according to the cloth when the latter shrinks instead of expanding. A member cannot do much after hours, as the House waiters do. Two or three of the latter add to their salaries by officiating as toast-masters at the dinners of certain City Companies; one plays in the orchestra of a West End Theatre; another runs, with the aid of his wife, a flourishing shop. But members must stand still and grow wise: "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give the kine fodder." Stands it not written in the Book of Ecclesiastics?

Grand Trunks still tear full speed ahead, and the market looks good for another five point rise in Thirds and Ordinary. I think both stocks ought to be sold. A good deal of the latest-introduced speculation is of the ragged kind that only makes for market weakness when the tide begins to turn. The Dominion herself continues to prosper. From a relative out in Saskatchewan I hear this week that they are all looking for very good business this spring. The winter has been much less rigorous than usual. He tells of a French Indian who "ran amok" in his little village. The man scalped one unfortunate fellow "as clean as a plate," cut the throat of another, and cut a woman's hand almost off her wrist. "Nobody seemed to think much of it," is my kinsman's comment.

Are Canadas to be the next to rise? Bays have already been hoisted, but are going better still—well above 90. As for Canadas, they will look very cheap at 162, ex rights, and though the rights do not come off for another month or so, the market is sure to discount the event. Canadian issues look very strong, and Canadas may go better, along with Hudson's Bays and Calgary Lands. At least, so thinks *Saturday, Feb. 24, 1906.* THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. A. E.—Your broker has made a complete mistake. The debentures are a first charge on all the lands and buildings of the Company. The properties in New Jersey are vested in the Mercantile Trust Company of New York for the debenture-holders, and the properties in New York in an American Company, of which the debenture trustees hold all but three shares. If the state of affairs had been as your broker stated we should never have recommended the investment.

H. K.—The stock is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. maximum, not $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as you say. It is eminently suitable for the lady, and as safe as anything can be in this world. The Maryport stock is worth about 149 ex. div., and the market is Liverpool.

IBEX.—Generally the shares are of the speculative industrial class. The return is good, but the risks of trade considerable. Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7, and perhaps 8 are the safest. We should prefer John Wright and Eagle Range Ordinary, or Eadie Manufacturing Ordinary to any in your list. The tramway has not been working with electrical traction long enough for us to estimate its future fairly.

SPERO.—The Tyre shares are not a bad speculation. Some day a scheme of arrangement will be carried out and the capital put on a proper footing, which should improve the price, and, meanwhile, business is brisk. As to the Shipping shares, we cannot say about the chance of a dividend on the Preference. The Company is controlled by the International Mercantile Marine Company of New Jersey.

H. B.—The best way would be to put the policy in the hands of Messrs. Foster and Cranfield, of 6, The Poultry, E.C., for sale by auction. You may get about one-third of the premiums paid.

DUBIOUS.—The bank would not be good enough for our money. The rates named can only be earned by lending on bills-of-sale, and suchlike securities. As to the Corporation loans, the answer is, Yes, with no qualification.

INQUIRER.—The bonds are sure to be redeemed, as the railway can borrow the money to do so at a cheaper rate. The Alkali Pref. dividend has always been paid, but the Ordinary has been without a dividend often. The last was paid, we think, in 1896. It is very likely the Company will have a good year, as there is activity in the chemical trade. Of course, Bovril Deferred rank after everything else, and if any class of share has to go short, the Deferred would suffer first.

FLAT.—We really do not know of what you complain. The San Francisco del Oro shares were only given as a Stock Exchange tip in "The House Haunter's" letter published on Nov. 22. He distinctly said they were a speculation. The shares have dropped because of the accident to the hoisting gear, which has reduced the last two outputs. When the repairs are effected they should go up again, or, at least, so is our information.

DON JOSÉ.—"Q" says Mexican First Pref. are worth holding on the chance of getting their full dividend. He hesitates to recommend the other stocks after the big rise.

ELEVE.—The Company is, we hear, doing no mining work, and its prospects are not bright.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Sandown meeting this week will be one of the events of the spring season, and it can safely be guessed that a big crowd will assemble on each of the three days. On the two last days, which are given up to the Grand Military programme, the scene should be a pleasant one, as the Services will be well represented. The following horses should run well during the three days. Warren Hurdle, Maggio; St. David's Steeplechase, Red Cloth; Aisseli Hurdle, Orison; Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, The Gunner; Grand Military Gold Cup, Shaun Aboo; Past and Present Steeplechase, What a Beauty; Maiden Steeplechase, Chinese Labour; Walton Hurdle, Huntly; Grand Military Steeplechase, Kiora; United Service Steeplechase, Royal Blaze; Open Hurdle-Race, Addlestone; March Hurdle, Stealaway.

Notice is hereby given that the undermentioned Company has published a Prospectus, which has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and which states, among other things, as follows:

The Subscription Lists will be opened on Tuesday, the 27th day of February, 1906, and will close on or before Thursday, the 1st day of March, 1906, for Town and Country.

CARL HENTSCHEL (1906), Limited,

Photo Engravers.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862-1900.)

CAPITAL - - - £130,000.

DIVIDED INTO

70,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each - - - 70,000

60,000 Six per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each 60,000

£130,000

PRESENT ISSUE OF 50,000 ORDINARY SHARES AND 60,000 SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES.

The Vendor Companies will take in part payment of their purchase money 36,560 Ordinary and 44,500 Preference Shares.

The balance of the present issue is now offered for subscription at par—viz.,

15,500 Preference Shares of £1 each;
13,440 Ordinary Shares of £1 each;

payable as follows: 5s. per share on application, 5s. per share on allotment, and the balance on May 31st, 1906.

THE PREFERENCE SHARES are preferential both as to Capital and Dividends, and will be entitled to a cumulative dividend of six per cent. per annum, payable on the 1st January, and 1st July in each year (the first dividend to be payable on the 1st July, 1906, and calculated from the payment of the instalments).

20,000 ORDINARY SHARES ARE RESERVED FOR FUTURE ISSUE. A SPECIAL RESERVE FUND is secured by the provision that before payment of more than eight per cent. on the Ordinary Shares in any year, one-fourth of the surplus profits shall be set aside and invested separately for the equalisation of Dividends until a reserve of £10,000 has been built up.

Preferential consideration in the Allotment will be given to the Present Shareholders and Customers of the Company, and to the Trade.

DIRECTORS.

CARL HENTSCHEL (Chairman and Managing Director), 55/56, Chancery Lane, W.C. (Managing Director of Carl Hentschel, Limited, Meisenbach Company, Limited, and Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited).

ALBERT T. CLARKE (Managing Director), 158, Knights Hill, West Norwood, S.E. (Director and General Manager of Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited).

HARRY FURNESS, 23, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W. (Director of Carl Hentschel, Limited, and Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited).

JOSEPH GREGO, 23, Granville Square, W.C. (Director of Carl Hentschel, Limited, and Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited).

HERBERT J. GIBBINS, 7, Russell Road, Crouch End, N. (Secretary of Carl Hentschel, Limited, and Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited).

BANKERS.—LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BANK, LIMITED, 170, Fenchurch Street, and Branches.

SOLICITORS.—MARTIN and NICHOLSON, 29, Queen Street, E.C.

BROKERS.—WILLIAM GODFREY and CO., 11, Copthall Court, Throgmorton Street, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS.—SCHULTZ, COMINS, and CO. (Chartered Accountants), 50, Cannon Street, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.—HERBERT J. GIBBINS, 182-3, Fleet Street, E.C.

This Company is being formed to take over as a going concern, amalgamate, and extend the businesses of

CARL HENTSCHEL, LIMITED, Registered Office, 182, Fleet Street, E.C.

MEISENBACH COMPANY, LIMITED, Registered Office, Wolfington Road, West Norwood, S.E.

HENTSCHEL-COLOURTYPE (1901), LIMITED, Registered Office, 184, Fleet Street, E.C.

The business of CARL HENTSCHEL, Limited, Photo Engravers, was established in London by Mr. CARL HENTSCHEL in the year 1887, and now holds a leading position in the trade with a wide reputation for high-class work.

The business of the MEISENBACH COMPANY, Limited, the pioneers in half-tone engraving, was established in London in the year 1884. All the Shares in that Company except one have been held by CARL HENTSCHEL, Limited, since 1899.

HENTSCHEL-COLOURTYPE (1901), Limited, was formed to work a process of photographing in colours direct from nature and reproducing colour prints or drawings suitable for press printing.

Messrs. Schultz, Comins, and Co., Chartered Accountants, have given the following certificate as to profits:

"Messrs. CARL HENTSCHEL, LIMITED, "182-3-4, Fleet Street, E.C. "31st January, 1906.

"GENTLEMEN,—We have examined the books and accounts of Messrs. Carl Hentschel, Limited, and the Meisenbach Company, Limited, for the seven years ended 31st December, 1905, and of the Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited, for the four years ended 30th June, 1905, and have annually certified the Balance Sheets and Profit and Loss Accounts of the Businesses since the formation of the Companies.

"The accounts of Carl Hentschel, Limited, and the Meisenbach Company, Limited, are made up annually to the 31st December, whilst the accounts of the Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited, are made up in each year to the 30th June preceding, and we beg to report that the profits of the businesses, taken together, have been as under—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
For the year 1899	4,617	14	6	For the year 1903	8,484	14	7
Do. 1900	4,367	10	4	Do. 1904	9,789	10	4
Do. 1901	3,831	15	10	Do. 1905	10,593	5	8
Do. 1902	8,135	6	4				

"The above results are after charging depreciation of Plant and Machinery and every current expenditure with the exception of Directors' remuneration, Directors' Fees, Interest, and Income Tax.—Yours faithfully, "SCHULTZ, COMINS, and CO."

The set-back in the profits for 1901, as shown in the Accountants' Certificate, was due to the interruption to business caused by the pulling down and rebuilding of the party wall of the Fleet Street premises.

These figures show that the average profits of the Business for the past two years, amounting to £10,191 per annum, have been sufficient to

	£	s.	d.
Pay a dividend of 6 per cent. on the present issue of 60,000 Preference Shares...	3,600	0	0
Pay a dividend of 8 per cent. on the present issue of 50,000 Ordinary Shares...	4,000	0	0
Pay the Salaries and Fees of the two Managing Directors and Directors' Fees	1,950	0	0
Leaving a Balance available for Reserve Fund, etc.	641	0	0

£10,191 0 0

The above figures are based on present earnings without taking into consideration the profit that will arise from the savings effected by the amalgamation of the Companies or that will accrue from the fresh working capital provided by the issue.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendors at the sum of £90,000, of which £64,966 will be payable to Carl Hentschel, Limited, as purchase price for its undertaking and assets, including the shares in the Meisenbach Company, Limited, and £25,034 will be paid to the Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited, as the purchase price for its undertaking. The said £64,966 shall be payable as to £4,966 in cash or shares, at the option of the Directors of the New Company, and as to the balance by the allotment to Carl Hentschel, Limited, or its nominees, of 39,500 Preference Shares, and 20,500 Ordinary Shares, all fully paid. The said £25,034 shall be paid as to £3,974 in cash or shares at the option of the Directors of the New Company, and as to the balance by the allotment to the Hentschel-Colourtype (1901), Limited, of 5,000 Preference Shares, and 10,000 Ordinary Shares, all fully paid. The present issue will provide £20,000 additional working capital, leaving 20,000 shares for future issue.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors will proceed to allotment is 3,500 Shares.

The usual brokerage of 6d. per share will be allowed on all applications bearing brokers' stamp. The preliminary expenses, including the formation and registration of the Company and stamp duty, brokerage, and the sums payable for printing, issuing and advertising the Prospectus, are estimated to amount to £3,368 10s., and up to this amount will be paid by the Vendor Companies, but in the unexpected event of the expenses exceeding this amount, the surplus will be paid by the Company.

A copy of the Memorandum of Association is printed in the fold of the Prospectus and forms part of it; copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, the Contracts, and the certificate of Messrs. Schultz, Comins, and Co., may be seen at the offices of the Solicitors.

Application will be made in due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange to grant a settlement and quotation. Application for shares should be made on the forms accompanying the prospectus and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. Cheques should be made payable to the London and South Western Bank, Limited.

Copies of the full Prospectus (upon the terms of which applications will only be received) and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Company's Offices, Solicitors, Brokers, or from the Bankers.

Dated 26th February, 1906.